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THE CONSTELLATION.

LOOSE SHEETS,
Picked up by a Strutter,
No. 1.
SPRING.

Don't be frightened. If you are, turn from my ominous heading, to some one of the Editor's spicuous paragraphs. He has a racy wit, and loves a joke—even at your expense. You will find none such here—the subject is too serious for a joke. If you are not scared away from the perusal of my contributions by the title, perhaps I may startle you by saying that birds, and roses, and tender violets, and still more tender sentiment that poets dabble in, have nothing to do with this article—they have neither lot nor part in it. I am, at this present writing, very misanthropically inclined; and my only reason for putting my bitter reflections in the pages of the Constellation, is that I shall get into merry company. Perchance I may have a pun, or a witticism cracked in my ear, that shall expel the legion of blue devils who have taken up their abode in my body corporate.

Some one quaintly observes, that "a spring evening is like the first love of a maid of sixteen blossoms." Hum! That being the case, deliver me from "the first love of a maid of sixteen blossoms." The man who cudgelled that fine idea from his brains lived "to the side of the big pond." Now let me tell you what a spring evening is here, and I appeal to you for the truth of the description. It is that part of a certain division of Time, which follows in the track, and is born of a certain cold, labious, phibiscy, splenic space of time, y'cleped a day, and comes with a double-distilled dose of aque chills in its breath, and a disposition ten times more disabulous than that of its father. So long as the sun shines, and I one can keep on the calm side of a buick wall, one can get through the day without being more than two thirds frozen; but so soon "as the evening shades prevail," just so soon the shadow of comfort (which had been cheating us all day long) shows a clean pair of heels, and a horrible set of "thick-coming" chills run races all over your body. Then, the circulation of the blood is an absurdity, and you may claim affinity with the eel. Your only resort then, is to round up your shoulders, thrust your hands in your pockets, and "cut dirt" for a fire, if you can find one. But the Boarding-house keepers have no fires. You may go all over the city, and though you are so cold that you can't speak the truth, yet you will find nothing but a beggarly account of empty graties. They tell us it is Spring! Just, forsooth, as if my friend Billy Shakespeare had never asked the question whether "a man can hold fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus!" Miserable me! when will the comet pass? My Aunt Charity, who appears to be frozen to the fireless chimney corner, chatters out her opinion, that that same comet has no more fire in its tail, than she has. Kind soul! she polished the brasses, and the andirons, and clothed the shovel and tongs in muslin, a month ago; and placed a vase of evergreens in the fire-place, thinking that Spring had come! She was mistaken. Spring has not come—it is only the latter part of May that is here. She will not acknowledge that she is disappointed, but sits, like a North Pole mummy, her little sharp nose five times sharper and bluer than ever, and her numb fingers unfeelingly grasping her knitting-needles. So she sits—cold, testy and petulant, dreaming of Spring while her toes ache with the cold, and looking, for all the world, as if she had swallowed a bushel of crab apples.

Talk of this being "the season of blossoms"—"the fall in my eye and Mrs. Elizabeth Martin!" The only "blossoms" I have seen since last summer, were some that flourished on the labious nasals of a set of polybaicalians at "the Shakespeare" (where there is an eternal spring), and which seemed like hexeons to warn incipient drinkers from their cups; or bugbears, to frighten youthful toppers. Such "blossoms" abound—none others.

It is a libel to say that Spring is here. It is not here; and Madame Flora will back me in the asser-

tion. By the by, it is my positive belief, that the crows will starve when they come after green corn, and infant squash-vines:—there will be none for them. Hot corn girls will be obliged to defer their migratory serenades till after Christmas, and the vendors of strawberries, and green peas, may say with Othello, "my occupation's gone!"

For my part, although I eschew tobacco, in warm weather, as a pernicious weed, yet I think I am safe in laying in a fresh box of segars. In fact, the only enjoyment I anticipate for some time to come, is the luxuriating in segar smoke, and scribbling for the Constellation. When warm weather comes ("ah! would when") I shall leave off both those bad habits—if I don't alter my mind.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XX.

ANCIENT CHINESE GEOGRAPHY.—The Chinese considered themselves as the people most favored by nature. Before their intercourse with Europeans had rectified their geography, they imagined that China was situated in the centre of the earth, and that all other kingdoms, (which, according to them, were seventy-two in number) lay scattered in the form of small islands around their empire, and as so many satellites, intended to decorate their planet. They were astonished at the skill exhibited by the Europeans in the arts and sciences; nor could they conceive how they had acquired it without the assistance of their literature. They soon became more modest; for after long supposing themselves alone the people to whom nature had given sight, they were at length obliged to confess that Europeans at least had one eye.—*Note to Abbe Griseb's "China"*

IRISH PEASANTRY.—Their native urbanity to each other is very pleasing; I have frequently seen them take off their hats and salute each other with great civility. The expressions of these poor fellows upon meeting one another, are full of cordiality. One of them in Dublin met a boy after his own heart, who in the sincerity of his soul exclaimed, "Patrick! yourself's glad to see you, for in truth I wish you well." "By my soul, I know it," said the other, "but you have but the half of it"; that is, the pleasure is divided. If you ask a common fellow in the streets of Dublin which is the way to such a place, he will take off his hat, and if he does not know it, he will take care not to tell you so, (for nothing is more painful to them than to be thought ignorant); he will either direct you by an appeal to his imagination, which is ever ready, or he will say, "I shall find it out for your honor immediately"; and away he flies into some shop for information, which he is happy to be the bearer of, without any hope of reward.

Amongst the mortuary peculiarities of the Irish, their love for posthumous honors is worthy of remark. An elderly man, whom a much esteemed clerical friend of mine attended in the last stage of existence, met death with fortitude, but expressed his grief that his dissolution should take place at a time when the employments of spring would prevent his funeral from being numerously attended. This is a general national trait; and a grievous imprecation in the Irish language is, "May your burial be forsaken." They have also another very figurative malediction—"May the grass grow green before your door."—*Sir J. Carr's "Stranger in Ireland"*

LONDON, 1410.—A song by Lidgate, the monk of Bury, called "London Lickpeny," written in the reign of Henry V. gives an account of a countryman coming to London, "where in Westcheape he was called upon to buy fine lawne, Paris thread, cotton umbles, &c.; in Conduite, to buy old apparel and household stuff; and in Eastcheape, the cookes cried, 'hot ribs of beefe roasted, pies well baked, and other victuals'; in Candlewicke-streete drapers proffered him cheape clothe. There was clattering of pewter pots, barpe, pipe, and sawtrie. The outws were yea by cock, nay by cock, for greater oaths were spared; some saung of Jenkin and some of Julian; all which melodie liked well the passenger, but he wanted money to abide by it, and therefore got him into the Gravesende barge, and home into Kent."

FIELDING'S NOVELS.—Parson Young (not the author of the Night Thoughts, but a translator of small capacity) sat for Fielding's Parson Adams, a man he knew, and only made a little more absurd than he is known to have been. The best story in the piece is of himself and his first wife. Tom Jones is Fielding himself, hardened in some places, softened in others. Lady Bellaston is an infamous w-man of his former acquaintance. His Sophia was his first wife. Booth

in his last piece is again himself. Amelia, even to her *newness*, is again his first wife. His brawls, his jars, his galls, his sponging houses, are all drawn from what he has seen and known.—*Richardson's Letters*.

FASHIONS.—The origin of many fashions was in the endeavor to conceal some deformity of the inventor. Patches were introduced to the English in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by one Thuviller, a French barber, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats, to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the head, it became a prevailing fashion at court. Circumstances as silly as the following have frequently been the origin of fashions. Isabella, daughter of Philip II. and wife of the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken; this siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed tinge of her linen gave rise to a fashionable color, called L'Isabeau, a kind of dingy yellowish-white.—*Paris Spectator*.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.—His eye was eminently expressive; it had something peculiarly keen, as well as arch in it; his look seemed to denote an union of wit and satire. When he surveyed a stranger, he seemed to take a *peep into his heart*; and in argument it was difficult to withstand the piercing sharpness of his vision, which appeared but to anticipate the triumph of his tongue. No one was better calculated for colloquial disputation; or that duel-like controversy exhibited by two disputants when pitted together, with the breath of a mahogany board only between them. In such an arena he was invincible; wit, humor, learning, temper, genius, all came in aid of argument; and when he made his most deadly thrusts, it was with a *smiling countenance*, and without any seeming effort or emotion.

He always reminded me of Ulysses, as described by Homer, both in person and address, artful, insinuating, and dauntless. At first his appearance was unpromising, but gaining on his audience by degrees, after sometime he seized and retained possession at pleasure, both of their hearts and understandings; and, when obliged to contend for superiority, he conducted himself with seeming modesty; unassuming and temperate, he received the charge of his antagonist without emotion, repelled his assault with interest, and finally ended by becoming victor.

The sarcastic remark of Wilkes in early life, that the "person never laughed," was, in some degree, verified in his latter years. It was evident that no one could tell a story or enjoy a joke better; but he seemed in general to keep his passions under control, and seldom or never exhibited signs of that obstreperous and convulsive merriment which others so frequently display and enjoy.

In political affairs Mr. Tooke was prone to suspicion, and always seemed to think himself justified on such occasions, in attributing the springs of human action to the worst motives. When he found his jealousy realized, he would then freely indulge in attacks, both personal and political; and, on such occasions, no one was better calculated to "give the bastinado with his tongue." Wit, ridicule, sarcasm, were each employed in its turn.—*Stephens's Life of T.*

CHATTERTON.—Born of humble parents, with no encouragement to study, no guide to his taste, he was a student in his very infancy, and in his twelfth year made a list of the books he had read, amounting to seventy, chiefly history and divinity. Unfortunately, too, he had even at this tender age, not only the zeal and application, but the wayward unhappy temperament of precocious genius; and, before he fairly entered into life, was all in those gloomy forebodings of blasted hopes and blighted triumphs, which, however they may darken our riper age, are so seldom permitted to cloud the joyous face of childhood.

The bent of his mind towards antiquarian studies is as remarkable as the development of it in his famous poems of Rowley. Before he could read, says his mother, he fell in love with the illuminated capitals of an old French manuscript. From this she taught him his letters, and he learned to read from an old black-letter bible. He borrowed all the old dictionaries he could lay hands on, and wrote to a friend in New York, requesting him to make him a collection of all

the "hard words" in the English language. At the age of fourteen we find him indentured as clerk to an attorney, where he passed a couple of years, copying precedents, and sharing with his master's servants their menial duties and menial fare. In this uncongenial situation, and at this early age, were the Poems of Rowley written. Chatterton's plan was certainly sufficiently clumsy. But that an uneducated boy of fourteen should have struck out so bold, singular, and original a path to fame, is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of genius. His plan was long meditated, and he had prepared several other spurious fragments, to be published if the first were completely successful. He bestowed more care on them than on his avowed compositions; this sort of anonymous immortality was the height of his ambition. In his own character, says his biographer, he wrote for bread and the booksellers, in that of Rowley for fame and eternity; and there are occasional passages in them, whose beauty not even their uncouth mock antique dress can entirely conceal.

SOCRATES.—I bless God for three things;—that he has endued me with a rational soul, that I was born a Greek and not a barbarian, and that my birth occurred in the life-time of Socrates.—*Plato*.

ARABIA FELIX.—The Arabs of Muscat gave a luxuriant description of some beautiful valleys about twenty miles from that town; but the result of minute enquiry forced us to conclude that the green meadows and clear streams they described owed much of their value to their rarity, and that the title of Arabia the Happy is rather founded on the barrenness of the far greater part of this renowned land, than on any thing wonderful either in the climate or productions of the tract to which it is applied.—*Sketches of Persia*.

ASTRONOMY.

DOUBLE STARS.—Sir William Herschel has shown that no two isolated stars can appear double to us, and that there are very many chances against the supposition, that the great number of double stars which he has discovered should only appear to be double in consequence of the one being situated at a great distance behind the other, and out of the sphere of its attraction. Hence he concludes, that as casual situation will not account for the numerous phenomenon of double stars, their existence must be owing to their mutual gravitation. This celebrated astronomer observed this double star (Castor) from the year 1778 to the year 1803, and could never perceive any variation in the distance of the two stars of which it is composed, which was invariably 178 of the diameter of the large one; in the angle of position, however, a remarkable change had taken place. In the year 1779, November the 5th, the smaller star was north of the larger one, and preceding it, in its diurnal motion, 32 deg. 47 min.; on March 27, 1803, it diminished to 10 deg. 55 min., which was a decrease of 21 deg. 54 min. in the space of 23 years and 142 days. From the measures of this angle, taken at intermediate times, it appeared, that the angle of position had undergone an irregular and gradual diminution. In the year 1760, Dr. Bradley had observed that the line joining the two stars which form Castor, was at all times of year, parallel to the line joining Castor and Pollux; and Dr. Maskelyne had verified this result in 1760 and 1761. By this observation Sir William Herschel obtained an addition of 20 years to the period, and thus found that the angle of position must then have been 56 deg. 32 min. N. preceding.—Hence, in the space of 43 years 142 days, the angle of position had diminished 43 deg. 39 minutes. From the regularity of its decrease, it is highly probable that the orbits in which the two stars move round their common centre of gravity, are nearly circular, and at the right angles to the line in which we see them; and that the time of a whole apparent revolution of the small star round Castor will be 342 years and two months in a retrograde direction.

The monument erected by the State in memory of Commodore Perry, is, as we learn from the Newport Republican, now placed on its foundation. The stone is an obelisk of grey granite, 21 feet 8 inches high, 2 feet 10 1-2 inches square at the base, and 1 foot 4 1-2 inches under the apex. It is placed on a foundation 7 feet high, the whole elevation from the surface of the earth being 22 feet 8 inches. The monument is placed in a commanding situation near the margin of the common burying ground, "to which place we understand the body is to be removed."

Among the passengers recently arrived at this port is Washington Irving Esq. so distinguished by his literary productions.

MISCELLANY.

LOVE.

From *Sicain's Poems*.

Love?—I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where Time seems young, and life a thing divine,
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above—the stars in shroudless beauty shine;
Around—the streams their flowery margins kiss;
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this!

Yes, this is Love, the staid and the true—
The immortal glory which hath never set—
The best, the brightest beam the heart e'er knew—
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!
Oh! who but can read the eve they met
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,
While summer flowers with moonlight dew were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,—
And all was rapture then—which is but memory now!

Honour may wreath the victor's brow with bays,
And Glory pour his treasures at his feet—
The Statesman win his country's highest praise—
Fortune and commerce in our cities meet:
But when—ah! when were earth's possessions sweet,
Unlaid with one fond friend those gifts to share?
The lowest peasant, in his blest retreat,
Finds more of happiness and less of care,
Than hearts unwarm'd by love's mild palace hall—
must bear!

THE CITY OF GARDENS.

NEW HAVEN.—Among the beautiful towns with which the Union is garlanded, we may number the city of New Haven among the first, in point of pleasantness and elegance. It can with truth be called, as it is, "The City of Gardens"—for nearly every domicile is surrounded by its spacious lawn and parterre; the public edifices rise among ornamental trees, or stand in squares capacious and green as the meadows of Hoboken. We doubt whether a sweeter spot could have been selected for the erection of an institution like the venerable Yale College. The town is somewhat elevated; and standing as it does, open to the southern air from Long Island Sound, it is remarkably healthy; the atmosphere is always pure, spring-like, and refreshing. To those who have the gratification of an acquaintance with the society of New Haven, its charms in this respect, are peculiarly enticing. It is the residence of men and families among whom the graces of learning and the rare accomplishments which spring from the blending of social and literary life, are to be found in the best state and condition. Here the industrious and urbane Silliman pursues his useful labors, and enjoys his hours of relaxation from graver duties, in the most refined intercourse with his numerous friends. Here, Hillhouse looks from his beautiful mansion over parks and diversified scenes of the fairest character in the distance; and is some times impelled to add to those efforts which have given him a place among the first poets of his country.

The public hotels of New Haven, some of them at least, are proverbial for the excellence of their accommodations. Among these, the *Franklin Hall* stands pre-eminent. It is probably the best house to be found between Philadelphia and Maine. It cannot at any rate be surpassed. The gentlemanly host, is always strictly attentive;—the noiseless servants seem to anticipate the desires of the sojourner, and construe his looks into expectations, which they never disappoint. The rooms are spacious, and filled with the air which comes over meadows and gardens. One of the most splendid scenes we recollect ever to have witnessed, may be observed from a fine cupola or turret, which has been erected on the roof of this establishment. The wide stretch of country to the east—the hills, sweeping in long, undulating lines against the northern and western horizon—the broad lapse of Long Island Sound, melting into distance in the South, varied with ships and steamboats, and chequered with alternate shadow and sunshine, are all spread out like a panorama. The view of the Sound, on the approach of twilight, is, in our opinion, one of the most gorgeous sights which the country affords.

Take it all in all, New Haven is a sort of earthly Paradise. The Philadelphian who tarries at Franklin Hall, will, as he takes his buttered rolls and coffee, be reminded of home; if he know the inhabitants, he will find new attractions, enticing him to prolong his stay; and if he be a lover of nature and a man of leisure and *l'argent*, he will take a room by the month, and inquire if any building lots are for sale in the neighborhood.—*Phil. Gaz.*

A COURTSHIP EXPEDITION.

ITS RESULT.

Another week completely re-established me in my strength; but the craving that had never left me since the last sight of Madeline, kept me still restless and impatient. Meanwhile Aleck's courtship had ripened in the golden sun of matrimony, and the wedding took place on the next Monday morning. He was a favourite with all at Knowhead, and the event was celebrated by a dance of all the young neighbours. After witnessing the leaping and flinging in the barn for half an hour, I retired to Miss Janet's parlour, where I was telling away the evening on her high-backed sofa, along with the old gentleman, who, driven from his capital in the kitchen by the bustle of the day, had installed himself in the unwanted state of an embroidered arm-chair beside me. We were project-

ing a grand courting campaign before I should leave the country, and listening to the frequent bursts of merriment from the barn and kitchen, when little Davie came in to tell his master that "Paul Ingram was speerin' gain he wad need only tay, or brandy, or prime pigtail, or Virginney leaf!"

"I do not just approve of Paul's line of trade," observed the old man, turning to me; "for I'm thinking his commodities come oftener frae the smuggler's cave than the King's store; but he's a merry deevil, Paul, and has picked up a braw hantle o' mad ballads ae place and another; some frae Glen—here, some frae Galloway, some frae the Isle o' Man, and some queer lingos he can sing, that he says he learned frae the Frenchmen."

A sudden thought struck me. "I will go out and get him to sing some to me, sir,"—"Is Rab Halliday there, Davie?" enquired he.

"Oh aye, sir," said Davie; "it's rantin' Rab that ye hear racing 'e'en noo."

"Weel, tell him, Davie, that here's Mr. William, who has learned to speel Parnassus by a step-ladder, has come to hear the sang he made about my grandmither's woin'."

Accordingly Davie ushered me to the kitchen. I could distinguish through the reaming fumes of liquor and tobacco about half a dozen carousers; they were chorusing at the full stretch of their lungs the song of a jolly fellow in one corner, who, nodding, winking, and flourishing his palms, in that state of perfect bliss "that good ale brings men to," was lifting up

"Till the house be rinna' round about,
It's time enough to tair;
When we fell, we've gat up again,
And sae will we yet."

This was ranting Rab Halliday—they all rose at my entrance; but being able to make myself at home in all companies, I had little difficulty in soon restoring them to their seats and jollity; while Davie signified what was to him intelligible of his master's wishes to the tuneful rauter. Rab, after praying law for any lack of skill that might be detected by my learning, sang with great humour the following verses which he entitled

THE CANNY COURTSHIP.

Young Redrighs walks where the sunbeams fa';
He sees his shadow slant up the wa'—
Wi' shouters aye braid, and wi' waist sae sma',
Guid faith he's a proper man!

He cocks his cap, and he steeks out his briest;
And he steps like a lord at least;
And he cries like the deil to saddle his beast,
And aff to court the sae gaun.

The Laird o' Lary is in for frae hame,
But his dochter's a bit o' quillin frame,
Kamin' her hair, and a softer kame,
In mody a gude, a' sae;
Bauld Redrighs traps frae his blawin' horse,
He prees her mou' wi' a freesome force—
"Come take me, Nelly, for better for worse,
To be your ain guidman."

"I'll no be harried like bumbee's byke—
I'll no be handled uneddy like—
I winna hae ye, ye worryin' tyke,
The road ye came gae lang!"
He loupit on wi' an awsome snort,
He bang'd the fire frae the flinty court;
He's all and awa in a snorin' sturt,
As hard as he can whang.

It's doon she sat when she saw him gae,
And a' that she could do or say,
Was—"O! and aback! and a well-a-day!
I've lost the best guidman!"
But if she was wae, it's he was wud;
He gar'd them a' frae his road to scud;
But Glowerin' Sam gied thud for thud,
And then to the big house ran.

The Glowerin' ran for the kitchen door;
Bauld Redrighs hard at his heels, be sure,
He's wallopp'd him roun' and roun' the floor,
As wua but Redrighs can!

Then Sam he loupit to the dresser shelf—
"I daur ye wallopp my leddy's delt;
I daur ye break but a single skelf
Frae her cheeny bowl, my man!"

But Redrighs bluid wi' his hand was up;
He'd lay them neither for crock nor cup,
He play'd awa' wi' his cuttin' whup,
And doon the dishes dang;
He clatter'd them doon, sir, raw by raw;
The big anes foremost, and syne the sma';
He came to the cheeny cups last o' a'—
They glanced wi' gowd sae thrang!

Then bonny Nelly came skirrin' butt;
Her twa white arms roun' his neck she put—
"O Redrighs, dear, hae ye tint your wut?
Are ye quite and clean gane wrang!"
O spare my teapot! O spare my jug!
O spare, O spare my posset-mug!
And I'll let ye kiss, and I'll let ye hug,
Dear Redrighs, a' day lang!"

"Forgie, forgie me, my beauty bright!
Ye are my Nelly, my heart's delight;
I'll kiss and I'll hug ye day and night,
If lang wi' me ye'll gang."

"Fetch out my pillow, fetch out my cloak,
You'll heal my heart if my bowl you broke."
These words, whilk she to her bridegroom spoke,
Are the endin' o' my sang.

I got this copy of his song since, else I could not have recollected it from that hearing; for I was too impatient to put the plan into execution for which I had come out, to attend even to this immortalizing of an ancestor.

I knew Ingraham at once by his blue jacket, and the corkscrews which bobbed over each temple as he nodded and swayed his head to the flourishes of "the gaberlunzie man," (the measure which Halliday had chosen for his words;) so when the song was finished, and I had drank a health to Robin's muse, I stepped across to where he sat, and said I wished to speak with him alone. He put down his jug of punch, and followed me into my own room. I closed the door and told him, that as I understood him to be in the Channel trade, I applied to know if he could put me on any expeditions conveyance to the coast of France. "Why, sir," said he, "I could give you a cast myself in my own tight thing, the Saucy Sally, as far as Douglas or the Calif; and for the rest of the trip, why there's our consort, the Little Sweep, that will be therabouts this week, would run you up, if it would lie in your way, as far as Guernsey, or, if need be, to Belle Isle." "Belle Isle?" repeated I, with a start; for the words of O'More to the priest came suddenly upon my recollection. "Has any boat left this coast or that of Man for Belle Isle within the last fortnight?" "Not a keel, sir; there's ne'er a boat just now in the Channel that could do it but herself—they call her the Deil sweep, sir, among the revenue sharks; for that's all that they could ever make of her. She is the only boat, sir, as I have said, and if so be you are a gentleman in distress, you will not be the only one that will have cause to trust to her—but d—n it, (he muttered these words)—well, what of that?—Mayn't I lend a hand to save a fine fellow for all that?—but harkye, brother, this is all in confidence."

"Your confidence shall not be abused," whispered I, hardly able to breathe for eager hope—the female passengers—the desire for exclusion—the only boat that fortnight, all confirmed me. "Mr. O'More and I are friends; fear neither for him nor yourself: let me only get first on board, and I can rough it all night on deck, as many a time I've done before; his daughter and her woman can have your cabin to themselves." It was a bold guess, but all right; he gaped at me for a minute in dumb astonishment; then closing one hand upon the earnest which I here slipped into it, drew the other across his eyes, as if to satisfy himself that he was not dreaming, and in a respectful tone informed me that they intended sailing on the next night from Cairn Castle shore. "We take the squire up off Island Magee, sir; he has been lying to on the look-out for us there for the last ten days; so that if you want to bear a hand in getting the young lady aboard, it will be all arranged to your liking."

During this conversation, my whole being underwent a wonderful change; from the collapsing sickness of bereavement, I felt my heart and limbs expand themselves under the delightful enlargement of this new spring of hope: I shook Ingram by the hand, led him back to the kitchen, and returned to the old man with a step so elated, and with such a kindling of animation over my whole appearance, that he exclaimed in high glee, "Heard you ever sic verses at Oxford, Willie? Odd! man, Rab Halliday is as good as a dozen o' Janet's possets for ye; I'll hae him here again to sing to ye the morn's e'en."

"He is a very pleasant fellow—a very pleasant fellow, indeed, sir; but I fear I shall not be able to enjoy his company to-morrow night, as I purpose taking my passage for the Isle of Man in Ingram's boat."—"Nonsense, Willie, nonsense; ye wadna make yourself 'hail, billy, weel met, wi' gallows-birds and vagabonds—though, as for Paul himself!"—"My dear sir, you know I have my passport, and need not care for the reputation of my hired servants; besides, sir, you know how fond I am of excitement of all sorts, and the rogue really sings so well!"

"That he does, Willie. Weel weel—he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar!" and so saying, he lifted up his candle and marched off the field without another blow.

Ingram and I started next evening about four o'clock, attended by little Davie, who was to bring back the horse I rode next day; Ingram, whose occupation lay as much on land as sea, was quite at home on his rough sheltie, which carried also a couple of little panniers at either side of the pommel, well primed with samples of his contraband commodities. We arrived a little after nightfall in Larne, where we left Davie with the horses, while Ingram having disposed of his pony, joined me on foot, and we set off by the now bright light of the moon along the hills for Cairn Castle.

During the first three or four miles of our walk, he entertained me with abundance of songs echoed loud and long across the open mountain; but when we descended from it towards the sea, we both kept silence and a sharp look out over the unequal and bleak country between. We now got among low clumpy hills and fuzzy gullies; and had to pick our steps through loose scattered lumps of rock, which were lying all round us white in the clear moonshine, like flocks of sheep upon the hill-side. The wind was off the shore, and we did not hear the noise of the water till, at the end of one ravine, we turned the angular jut of a low promontory, and beheld the image of the moon swinging in its still swell at our feet.

Ingram whistled, and was answered from the shore a little farther on, he stepped out a few paces in advance and led forward; presently I saw a light figure glide out of the shadow in front and approach us.

"Vell, aine Apostole Paul, vat news of the Ephesians?"

"All right, Munshier Martin, and here is another passenger."

He whispered something, and the little Frenchman touched his hat with an air; and expressed, in a compound of Norman-French, Manx, and English, the great pleasure he had in doing a service to the illustrious cavalier, the friend of liberty. Hearing a noise in front, I looked up and discerned the light spar of a mast peeping over an intervening barrier of rock; we wound round it, and on the other side found a cutter of about eighteen tons hauled close to the natural quay, with her mainsail set and flapping heavily in the night wind. Here we met another seaman. In ten minutes we were under way; the smooth ground swell running free and silent from our quarter, and the boat laying herself out with an easy speed, as she caught the breeze freshening over the lower coast. The Saucy Sally was a half-decked cutter, (built for a pleasure-boat in Guernsey,) and a tight thing, as Ingram had said. I did not go into the cabin, which occupied all the fore-castle, but wrapping myself in my cloak, lay down along the stern-sheets, and feigned to be asleep, for I was so excited by the prospect of meeting Madeline, that I could no longer join in the conversation of the crew. In about half an hour I heard them say that they were in sight of Island Magee, and rising, beheld it dark over our weather bows; I went forward and continued on the fore-castle in feverish impatience as we neared it; the breeze stiffened as we opened Larne Lough, and the Saucy Sally tossed two or three sprinklings of cold spray over my shoulders, but I shook the water from my cloak and resumed my look-out. At last we were within a quarter of a mile of the coast, and a light appeared right opposite; we showed another and lay to; with a fluttering heart I awaited the approach of a boat; twice I fancied I saw it distinguish itself from the darkness of the coast, and twice I felt the blank recoil of disappointment; at last it did appear, dipping distinct from among the rocks and full of people; they neared us; my heart leapt at every jog of their oars in the loose thwells; for I could now plainly discern two female figures, two boatmen, and a muffled man in the stern. All was now certain; they shot alongside, laid hold of the gunnel, and I heard O'More's voice call on Ingram to receive the lady; I could hardly conceal my agitation as she was lifted on deck, but had no power to advance; Nancy followed, and O'More himself leaped third on deck—the boat shoved off, the helmsman let the cutters head away, the mainsail filled, and we stood out to sea.

Here I was then, and would be for four and twenty hours at the least, by the side of her whom a little time before I would have given years of my life to have been near but for a minute; yet, with an unaccountable irresolution, I still delayed, nay, shrunk from the long sought interview. It was not till her father had gone into the little cabin to arrange it for her reception, and had closed the door between us, that I ventured from my hiding place, behind the fore-sail, and approached her where she stood gazing mournfully over the boat's side at the fast passing shores of her country. I whispered her name; she knew my voice at the first syllable, and turned in amazed delight; but the flush of pleasure which lit up her beautiful features as I clasped her hand, had hardly dawned ere it was chased by the rising paleness of alarm. I comforted her by assurances of eternal love, and vowed to follow her to the ends of the earth in despite of every human power. We stood alone; for two sailors were with O'More and the girl in the cabin, and the third, having lashed the tiller to, was fixing something forward. We stood alone I cannot guess how long—time is short, but the joy of those moments has been everlasting. We exchanged vows of mutual affection and constancy, and I had sealed our blessed compact with a kiss, witnessed only by the moon and stars, when the cabin door opened, and her father stood before me. I held out my hand, and accosted him with the free confidence of a joyful heart. The severe light of the moon sharpened his strong features into a startling expression, as he regarded me for a second with mingled astonishment and vexation. He did not seem to notice my offered hand, but saying something in a low, cold tone about the unexpected pleasure, turned to the steersman and demanded fiercely why he had not abided by his agreement? The sailor, quailing before the authoritative tone and aspect of his really noble looking questioner, began an exculpatory account of my having been brought thither by Ingram, to whom he referred.

Bold Paul was beginning with "Lookee, Squire, I'm master of this same craft," when I interrupted him by requesting that he would take his messmates to the bows, and leave the helm with me, as I wished to explain the matter myself in private. He consigned his soul, in set terms, to the devil, if any other man than myself should be allowed to make a priest's palaver box of the Saucy Sally, and sulkily retired, rolling his bid with indefatigable energy, and squirting jets of spittle half-mast high.

O'More almost pushed the reluctant Madeline into the cabin, closed the door, and addressed me.—"To what motive am I to attribute your presence here, Mr. Macdonnell?"

"To one which I am proud to avow, the desire of being near the object of my sole affections, your lovely daughter; as well, sir, as from a hope that I may still be able to overcome those objections which you once expressed."

He pointed over the boat's side to the black pillars precipices of the shore, as they stood like an iron wall

looming along the weather beam.—“Look there, sir; look at the Bloody Gobblins, and hear me.—When a setting moon shall cease to fling the mourning of their shadows over the graves of my butchered ancestors, and when a rising sun shall cease to bare before abhorring Christendom!”

“Luff, sir, luff,” cried Ingram, from the fore-castle. “Come aft yourself, Paul,” I replied, in despair and disgust.

O’More retired to the cabin bulk-head, and leaned against the door, without completing his broken vow. Ingram took the helm, and I sat down in silence. Paul saw our unpleasant situation, and ceasing to remember his own cause for ill-humour, strove to make us forget ours. He talked with a good deal of tact, but with little success, for the next half-hour. O’More remained stern and black as the Gobblins themselves, now rapidly sinking astern, while the coast of Island Magee receded into the broad Lough of Belfast upon our quarter. The moon was still shining with unabated lustre, and we could plainly discern the bold outline of the hills beyond; while the coast of Down and the two Capelands lay glistening in gray obscurity over our starboard bow. No sail was within sight; we had a stiff breeze with a swinging swell from the open bay; and as the cutter lay down and showed the glimmer of the water’s edge above her gunnel, the glee of the glorying sailor burst out in song.

Haul away, haul away, down helm I say;

Slacken sheets, let the good boat go—

Give her room, give her room for a spanking boom;

For the wind comes on to blow—

(Haul away!)

For the wind comes on to blow,

And the weather beam is gathering gloom,

And the scud flies high and low

Lay her out, lay her out, till her timbers stout,

Like a wrestler’s ribs, reply

To the glee, to the glee of the bending tree,

And the crowded canvass high—

(Lay her out!)

And the crowded canvass high,

Contenting, to the water’s shout,

With the champion of the sky.

Carry on, carry on; reef none, boy, none;

Hang her out on a stretching sail;

Gunnel in, gunnel in! for the race we’ll win,

While the land lubbers so pale—

(Carry on!)

While the land lubbers so pale

Are fumbling at their points, my son,

For fear of the coming gale!

All but O’More joined in the chorus of the last stanza, and the bold burst of harmony was swept across the water like a defiance to the eastern gale. Our challenge was accepted. “Howsumever,” said Ingram, after a pause, and running his glistening eye along the horizon, “as we are not running a race, there will be no harm in taking in a handful or two of our cloth this morning; for the wind is chopping round to the north and I wouldn’t wonder to hear Sealmar-tin’s breakers under our lee before sunrise.”

“And a black spell we will have till then, for when the moon goes down you may stop your fingers in your eyes for starlight,” observed the other sailor, as he began to slacken down the peak halliards; while they brought the boat up and took in one reef in the mainsail; but the word was still “helm a larboard,” and the boat’s head had followed the wind round a whole quarter of the compass within the next ten minutes. We went off before the breeze, but it continued veering round for the next hour; so that when we got fairly into the Channel, the predictions of the seamen were completely fulfilled; for the moon had set, the wind was from the east, and a hurrying drift had covered the sky.

We stood for the north of Man; but the cross sea, produced by the shifting of the wind, which was fast rising to a gale, buffeted us with such contrary shocks, that after beating through it almost till the break of day, we gave up the hope of making Nesshead, and, altering our course, took in another reef, and ran for the Calt.

But the gale continued to increase; we pitched and plunged to no purpose; the boat was going bows in at every dip, and the straining of her timbers told plainly that we must either have started planks or an altered course again. The sailors, after some consultation, agreed on putting about; and, for reasons best known to themselves, pitched upon Strangford Lough as their harbour of refuge. Accordingly we altered our course once more, and went off before the wind. Day broke as we were still toiling ten miles from the coast of Down. The grey dawn shewed a black pile of clouds overhead, gathering bulk from rugged masses which were driving close and rapid from the east.—By degrees the coast became distinct from the lowering sky; and at last the sun rose lurid and large above the weltering waters. It was ebb tide, and I represented that Strangford bar at such a time was peculiarly dangerous in an eastern gale; nevertheless the old sailor who was now at the helm insisted on standing for it. When we were yet a mile distant, I could distinguish the white horses running high through the black trembling strait, and hear the tumbling of the breakers over the dashing of our own bows. Escape was impossible; we could never beat to sea in the teeth of such a gale, over the bar we must go or founder. We took in the last reef, hauled down our jib, and, with ominous faces saw our-

selves in ten minutes more among the cross seas and breakers.

The waters of a wide estuary running six miles an hour, and meeting the long roll of the Channel, might well have been expected to produce a dangerous swell; but a spring-tide combining with a gale of wind, had raised them at flood to an extraordinary height, and the violence of their discharge exceeded our anticipations accordingly. We had barely encountered the first two or three breakers, when Ingram was staggered from the fore-castle by the buffet of a counter swell, which struck us forward just as the regular swell caught us astern; the boat heeled almost on her beam ends, and he fell over the cabin door into the hold; the man at the helm was preparing for the tack as he saw his messmate’s danger, and started forward to save him; he was too late; the poor fellow pitched upon his head and shoulders among the balustrade; at the same instant the mauls caught the wind the boom swung across, and striking the helmsman on the back of the neck, swept him half overboard, where he lay doubled across the gunnel, with his arms and head dragging through the water, till I hauled him in. He was stunned and nearly scalped by the blow. Ingram lay motionless and motionless; the boat was at the mercy of the elements, while I stretched the poor fellows side by side at our feet. I had now to take the helm, for the little Frenchman was totally ignorant of the coast; he continued to haul the main sheet; and O’More, who all night long had been sitting in silence against the cabin bulk-head, leaped manfully upon the fore-castle and stood by the tackle there. We had now to put the boat upon the other tack, for the tide made it impossible to run before the wind. O’More believed his sheet, and as the cutter lay down again, folded his arms and leaned back on the weather bulwark, balancing himself with his feet against the skylight.

The jabble around us was like the seething of a caldron; for the waves boiled up all at once, and ran in all directions. I was distracted by their universal assault, and did not observe the heaviest and most formidable of all, till it was almost down upon our broad-side. I put the helm hard down, and shouted with all my might to O’More—“Stand by for a sea, sir, lay hold, lay hold!” It was too late. I could just prevent our being swamped, by withdrawing our quarter from the shock, when it struck us on the weather-bow, where he stood; it did not break. Our hull was too small an obstacle; it swept over the fore-castle as the stream leaps a public stove in the bulwark, lifted him right up, and launched him on his back, with his feet against the fore-sail; the fore-sail stood the shock a moment, and he grappled to it, while we were swept on in the rush, like a sparrow in the clutches of a hawk; but the weight of water bore all before it—the sheets were torn from the deck, the sail flapped up above the water, and I saw him tossed from its edge over the lee-bow. The mauls laid him for a moment; he re-appeared, sweeping astern at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. He was striking out, and crying for a rope; there was no rope at hand, and all the loose spars had been stowed away. He could not be saved. I have said that the sun had just risen; between us and the east his rays shone through the tops of the higher waves with a pale and livid light; as O’More drifted into these, his whole agonized figure rose for a moment dusk in the transparent water, then disappeared in the hollow beyond; but at our next plunge I saw him heaved up again, struggling dim amid the green gloom of an overwhelming sea. An agonizing cry behind me made me turn my head. “O save him, save him! turn the boat and save him!” O William, as you love me save my father!” It was Madeline, frantic for grief, stumbling over, and unconsciously treading on the wounded men, as she rushed from the cabin, and cast herself upon her knees before me. I raised my eyes to heaven, praying for support; and though the clouds rolled, and the gale swept between, strength was surely sent me from above; for what save heavenly help could have subdued that fierce despair, which, at the first sight of the complicated agonies around, had prompted me to abandon hope, blasphemy, and die? I raised her gently but firmly in my arms; drew her, still struggling and screaming wild entreaties, to my breast, and not daring to trust myself with a single look at her imploring eyes, fixed my own upon the course we had to run, and never swerved from my severe determination, till the convulsive sobs had ceased to shake her breast upon mine, and I had felt the warm gush of her relieving tears; instead, then my stern purpose melted, and, bending over the desolate girl, I murmured, “Weep no more, my Madeline, for, by the blessing of God, I will be a father and a brother to you yet!” Blessed be who heard my holy vow!—when I looked up again we were in the smooth water.

Drenched, numbed, and dripping all with the cold spray, one borne senseless and bloody in his messmate’s arms, we climbed the quay of Strangford; the threatened tempest was bursting in rain and thunder; but our miserable plight had attracted a sympathizing crowd. No question was asked of who? or whence? by a generous people, to wounded and wearied men and helpless women; till there pressed through the ring of bystanders a tall fellow, with a strong expression of debasement and desperate impudence upon his face, that seemed to say, “Infamy, you have done your worst.” He demanded our names and passports, and arrested us all in the king’s name, almost in the same breath. I struck him in the face with my fist, and kicked him into the kennel. No one attempted to lift him; but he scrambled to his feet, with denun-

ciations of horrible revenge. He was hustled about by the crowd till he lost temper, and struck one of them. He had now rather too much work upon his hands to admit of a too close attention to us; three or four persons stepped forward and offered us protection.

Ingram and the other wounded sailor were taken off, along with the Frenchman, by some of their own associates; while a respectable and benevolent looking man addressed me, “I am a Protestant, sir, and an Orangeman; but put these ladies under my protection, and you will not repent your confidence; for, next to the Pope, I love to defeat an infidel;” and he pointed with a smile to our arrester, who was just measuring his length upon the pavement.

“Is his name Macdonnell?” asked I.

“The same, sir,” he replied; “but come away with me before he gets out of my Thomas’s hands, and I will put your friends out of the reach of his.”

I shall never be able to repay the obligation I owe to this good man, who received Miss O’More, with her attendant, into the bosom of his family, till I had arranged her journey to the house of a female relative; whence, after a decent period of mourning, our marriage permitted me to bear her to my own.

THE WHITE PATIENT.

From the Atlas.

As opportune to the enactment here, this week, of the opera of *The White Lady*, a correspondent has placed in our hands a curious story of some mysterious transactions reported to have taken place in Paris in by-gone days. If the reader’s credulity should be staggered, and he be disposed to condemn the tale as a falsehood, let him in justice to its author, recollect that in its worst construction, it can only be denominated a “white lie,” and must be proportionately venial!

In the reign of Louis XV. Isisse was the fashionable surgeon of Paris. One morning he received a note inviting him to attend in the *Rue Pol de Fer*, near the Luxembourg, at six o’clock in the evening. This professional rendezvous he of course failed not to keep, when he was encountered by a man who brought him to the door of a house, at which the guide knocked.—The door, as is usual in Paris, opened by a spring, communicating with the porter’s lodge, and Isisse, when it again closed upon him, was surprised to find himself alone, and his conductor gone. After a short interval, however, the porter appeared, and desired him to mount, “au premier.” Obeying this order, he opened the door of an ante-chamber, which he found completely lined with white. A very handsomely dressed, and well-appointed *laquais*, white from head to foot, well powdered and frizzed, with a white bag to his hair, held two napkins, with which he insisted on wiping Isisse’s shoes. The surgeon in vain observed that having just left his carriage, his shoes were not soiled; the *laquais* persisted, remarking that the house was too clean to allow of this operation being omitted. From the ante-chamber Isisse was shown into a saloon hung like the ante-chamber with white, where a second *laquais* repeated the ceremony of wiping the shoes, and passed him into a third apartment, in which the walls, floor, bed, tables, chairs, and every article of furniture were white. A tall figure, in a white night-cap, and white *roquelaure*, and covered with a white mask, was seated near the fire. As soon as this phantom perceived the surgeon, he cried in a hollow voice, “I have the devil in my body,”—and relapsed immediately into a profound silence, which he continued to observe during more than half an hour, in which he amused himself by drawing on and off six pair of white gloves, which lay on a table beside him. Isisse was greatly alarmed at this extraordinary spectacle, and at his own reception; and his apprehensions were not diminished on perceiving that fire arms were placed within reach of the white spectre. His fears became at length so excessive that he was obliged to sit down. By degrees, however, he gained sufficient courage to ask, though in a trembling voice, “what were Monsieur’s commands?” remarking that “his time was not his own but the public’s, and that he had many appointments to keep.” To this the phantom replied, in a dry, cold tone, “As long as you are well paid, what does that signify to you?” Another quarter of an hour’s silence then ensued, when at last the spectre pulled a white bell-rope, and two servants equipped in white entered the room. He then called for bandages, and desired Isisse to take from him five pounds of blood! The surgeon, frightened still more by the enormous blood letting thus enjoined him, asked in an anxious tone, who had ordered the remedy? “Myself!” was the short answer. In too great a trepidation to venture on the veins of the arm, Isisse begged to bleed from the foot, and warm water was ordered for the operation. Meantime the phantom took off a pair of the finest white silk stockings, and then another pair, which was followed by others, until the removal of the sixth pair discovered the most beautiful foot and ankle imaginable, and almost convinced Isisse that his patient was a woman. The vein was opened; and at the second cup the phantom fainted. Isisse therefore was proceeding to take off the mask, but he was eagerly prevented by the attendants. The foot was bound up, and the white figure having recovered his senses, was put to bed; after which the servants again left the room. Isisse slowly advanced towards the fire, while he wiped his lancets; making many reflections within himself upon this strange adventure. All of a sudden, on raising his eyes, he perceived in the mirror over the chimney piece, that the white figure was advancing towards him on tip-toe

His alarm became still more violent when, with a single spring, the terrific spectre darted close to his side. Instead, however, of offering violence, as his movements seemed to indicate, he merely took from the chimney-piece five crowns and gave them to the surgeon, demanding at the same time if he was satisfied. Isisse, who would have made the same answer had he received but five sous, replied that he was.—“Well, then,” said the spectre, “begone about your business.” Isisse, as may be imagined, did not wait for a second order, but retreated, or rather flew, as fast as his legs could carry him from the room. The two servants who attended to light him out could not conceal their smiles; and Isisse, unable longer to endure his situation, enquired what was the meaning of this pleasantries? But their only reply was, “Are you not well paid? have you suffered any injury?” And so saying they bowed him to his carriage. Isisse was determined at first to conceal this adventure; but he found on the ensuing morning, that it was already the amusement of the court and city; and he no longer made any mystery of the affair. The “*mal d’enigme*,” however, was never discovered, nor could any motive be imagined for the mystification, beyond the caprice and idleness of its unknown perpetrator.—*Lettres de Madlle. Aisse.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Harper have this week brought out, in a handsome duodecimo, *Conversations with an ambitious Student in ill health*, with some other miscellaneous productions of Mr Bulwer, the novelist. These *Conversations* were originally published in the London New Monthly Magazine, when under the Editorship of Mr. Campbell, and were received with much favour. They are of a philosophic and metaphysical cast, having interspersed the spirit which belongs to dialogue, with the attractions of frequent anecdote, and a polished style of composition. Of the sentiments advanced, we are not competent to express a just opinion; our personal of the essays having been incomplete. To these *Conversations* are annexed some other writings of Mr. Bulwer, first presented to the public anonymously in a magazine. Two of them will probably be recollected by most readers: *Monas and Dismonas*, and a *Manuscript found in a madhouse*. The former has appeared in the *Atlas*, and both have been, if we mistake not, reprinted in some of the literary journals of this country. Each is an essay of a peculiar character, and high interest; and, in the last mentioned, its author permits his imagination to run riot in all the excesses which a madhouse sketch allows. It thus possesses an eminently engrossing power over the mind of the reader, yet is marred by the revolting incidents which are made to enter into the plot. Mr. B. seems to have taken the hint for this story from Scott’s *Black Dwarf*.

N.B. We observe that, with most of the best English writers of the day, Mr. Bulwer has sanctioned by his use, the formerly scouted “Americanism”—the verb “to progress.”—*Atlas.*

NEW WORKS.—Mr. John A. McClung, of Maysville, Ky. author of “*Camden*,” a novel, has issued proposals for publishing “*Sketches of Western Adventure*,” the object of which will be to present, in a single volume, the most remarkable occurrences connected with the early history of Kentucky. The Rev. Timothy Flint, of Cincinnati, is preparing for the press a *Life of Daniel Boone*. It is a fruitful subject, and in competent hands. Proposals are issued for publishing *Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity*, by the Rev. C. P. Melville, of Brooklyn, being the course delivered the past winter to the members of the Young Men’s Society, embracing generally the Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion, as derived from the “Authenticity of the New Testament; the Credibility of the Gospel History; the Arguments from Miracles, from Prophecy, from the Propagation of Christianity; from the Fruits of the Gospel, socially and personally,” &c. We learn from a Cincinnati paper that the subscription list of the projected *Western Quarterly Review*, is steadily increasing. The announcement of *Observations on the Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, with particular reference to the attack they contain on the memory of the late Gen. Henry Lee, in a series of letters, by H. Lee, of Va.—a work that will probably possess much interest for a certain class of readers, has been overlooked by us till now.—*ib.*

May-day.—The Cincinnati Chronicle informs us, that this day was celebrated by the pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Hentz’s Female Boarding School, in Covington, by crowning a Queen of May, and with addresses, recitations, and songs.

It will be noticed by a sentence in another part of the paper that the pupils of a Female School, at Covington, Ky. observed May-Day as a rural festival. A particular respect to this day is not very general or usual in the United States, but we have, here in New York, always a celebration of this anniversary, in which a larger proportion of the citizens, of both sexes, participate, than in any other public occasion. There is, however, very little poetry and romance about it, and it is a custom which would, we conceive, be more honoured in the breach than the observance.—*ib.*

The degeneracy and licentiousness of the present French stage is a subject of deep lamentation in the *Paris Journal des Debats*. Indeed the grossness and horrible tenor of some of the new dramatic compos-

tions, which have drawn large audiences, exceed what could have been deemed possible. One of the principal Parisian actresses in performing on the 18th of March, was so much shocked by the indecency of her part that she suddenly retreated behind the scenes, but was forced by the pit to return and finish her odious task.—*Nat. Gazette.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1852.

MERCANTILE DRUMMING.

SCENE II.

It is a part of the system of mercantile drummers, to "become all things to all men," as St. Paul said, in order to "gain some." But the sum of what they want to gain is, a sum of money. They are exceedingly flexible in matters of religion—ay, and of morals too; being orthodox with the orthodox, and heterodox with the heterodox; attending the church with those who incline churchward, and the theatre with those who incline theatrical; taking cold water with those who are opposed to brandy, and drinking brandy with those who eschew cold water.

Swinkum. Good morning, Mr. Lookabout?

Look. Good morning, sir. But you have the advantage of me: you know my name, and I don't know yours.

Swinkum. My name is Swinkum—Eliphaz Swinkum, 675 Bustle-street. As to my knowing your name, and you not knowing mine, it's not at all to be wondered at. A country merchant, who buys as largely as you do, will naturally be known all over the city—while a wholesale dealer like me—ahem!—but that's neither here nor there. I haven't had the pleasure of seeing you at my store yet.

Look. What brought you here?

Swinkum. Jewsharps. Have you got a supply yet?

Look. No, I have not. The fact is, I never thought about it till this moment.

Swinkum. I shall be happy of your custom, Mr. Lookabout.

Look. I dare say you would, Mr. Swinkum. Every body seems to be looking after my custom since I came to New York. Strange what stories people will tell. I always heard, before I came to the city, that the people were as proud as the nation; and that they wouldn't speak to a man from the country, unless 'twas the Patron, or the Governor, or some such big bug. But I find 'twas all fol de rol. For my part I never experienced so much attention in all my life as I have since I came to New York. Every body bids me, Good morning, Mr. Lookabout! How do you do, Mr. Lookabout? I hope you're well, Mr. Lookabout. I shall be happy to see you at my store, Mr. Lookabout. Will you do me the favor to accept of a ride to Harlem, Mr. Lookabout?—And then they all want to trade with me. Every one sells cheaper than the rest; and every man has better goods than his neighbor. I verily believe, if I stay a while longer, I can get goods for nothing—and on two years' credit. I must say, as far as I'm acquainted with 'em, the people of New York—I mean the wholesale merchants—are the perkiest and most accommodating gentlemen I ever saw in my life. My gracious! they don't seem a bit ashamed to be seen talking to a country-looking man, or walking the streets with him either. They slip their arm into mine as familiar as though we'd been acquainted all our life time; and they walk up and down the streets with me—and they take me to church, and—

Swinkum. What church do you attend, Mr. Lookabout?

Look. Why that's just as I can light of chaps—sometimes—

Swinkum. I hope you'll go to our meeting this evening—Mr. Rend-the-air is to preach. I shall be happy to attend you, at half past seven.

Look. I'm much obliged to you, Mister—

Swinkum. Not at all, Mr. Lookabout. I consider it my duty to lead strangers in the right way—especially younger men like you, who are beset with a thousand snares and temptations in an ungodly city like this; and, unless they have some conscientious person to take them by the hand and lead them in the right way, will assuredly perish in the midst of their iniquities.

Look. I'm much obliged to you, as I was saying—

Swinkum. Not at all, Mr. Lookabout. I take a delight in doing good to my fellow creatures; and, in an especial manner, do I feel interested in your personal welfare. There is something in your countenance which powerfully reminds me that you are cut out for good—and it would be a thousand pities if you should come to evil, and all for want of some friendly person to extend the hand of fellowship.

Look. I'm much obliged to you, Mister Swinkum, very much—

Swinkum. Don't name it, Mr. Lookabout. I take

pleasure in doing good without fee or reward. For instance now, I give one half of all my profits in trade to certain devout purposes—such as the endowment of—

Look. I beg your pardon, Mr. Swinkum—but what brought the half of your profits amount to, on—on—pot-hooks, I think you said?

Swinkum. Jewsharps, Mr. Lookabout—Jewsharps is the article I deal in. And I am proud to say it is a very unexceptionable trade. The Jewsharp was the very instrument played on by David of old; and the kind I sell is the real ancient Hebrew spring—half gold—half silver—and the rest steel.

Look. How many halves may there be to one of your Jewsharps?

Swinkum. Halves, did I say? ha, ha, ha! I meant thirds, of course. "Errors excepted," you know, as we say in our accounts.

Look. True, sir, errors are always to be expected.

Swinkum. Will you be good enough to recollect my number? 675 Bustle-street. I have the best assortment of Jewsharps in all the city of New York—or indeed in all the United States, for that matter. They are the real Hebrew Double Elastic Spring.

Look. Have you got any that a man may play on, two at once?

Swinkum. I have every kind that can be named, or even imagined.

Look. We have some fellows in our neighborhood that are real bangup Jewsharp players—they can play on two Jewsharps at once—and if I can get any of the right kind, that wouldn't come too dear—

Swinkum. Too dear! Oh, my dear sir, I can accommodate you at any price whatever. But, hark! there's the bell—do you go with me to hear Mr. Rend-the-air this evening?

Look. This evening! Why it's very unfortunate—I promised to go to the theatre this evening.

Swinkum. Oh, you attend the theatre then, do you? I didn't know that before. I really thought you was one of the sober, serious, deaconish fellows, that wouldn't be caught in the theatre for the world; and I always like to accommodate myself to the morals and the consciences of my friends. I'm very glad to hear you are fond of the theatre. I'm very fond of it myself—and, now I think of it, I will accompany you there, instead of going to hear Mr. Rend-the-air. Confound him! I think (between you and me) that Old Barnes is a great deal better preacher than he—though I should not wish to have the members of our Society know I said so. A man must be cautious, you know, Mr. Lookabout, how he expresses an opinion before every body, or he might be ruined.

Look. That's true, Mr. Swinkum. But it's about time we was off to the theatre.

Swinkum. Exactly so, Mr. Lookabout. Shall I have the honor of your arm? [Exit with Lookabout genteelly.]

RAISING RENTS.

We have heard of a very ingenious mode of raising rents—which we will presently describe, for the benefit of such landlords as have not yet been let into the secret. It is thus performed:

The landlord calls upon his tenant and inquires into the state of his business or concerns—especially how much money he has cleared during the past year. Having ascertained, as near as he can, the exact sum, he raises the rent just this amount.

Here, for instance, is a hard-working and prudent mechanic. The landlord goes to him, just before the first of May, and inquires very kindly how he gets along with his business; whether he makes both ends of the year meet; how much money he has saved; and such like questions, of interest to the tenant. Thus, putting out his feelers, he gets into the secret of his tenant's affairs, and takes his measures accordingly.

"Well, John, how do you succeed in business?"

"Oh, very well, Mr. Gripum, all things considered."

"Your business is rather improving, is it not?"

"Why, I think it is rather so than otherwise."

"Considerably better the last year than the year before, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, I think I can safely say that. My customers have been increasing, and have generally paid me with great punctuality. I haven't got rich, it is true, and never expect to. But I've no fault to find. I've supported my family comfortably, and have a little something left at the year's end."

"I'm very glad to hear it, John. It gives me great pleasure to hear of the prosperity of my tenants. I suppose you've laid up a couple of hundred dollars the past year?"

"Oh, no! not the half of it."

"Not one hundred?"

"No, sir—not exceeding seventy-five—which, all things considered, I think is doing pretty well. There's the doctor's bill to pay, and the children to school,

and a thousand ways to take off money. A man needs to be pretty industrious and pretty economical, to make both ends of the year meet, to say nothing of laying up money."

"I think so too, John; and I'm very glad to hear of your prosperous condition. You can afford to pay a little more rent."

"More rent!—Indeed, Mr. Gripum, I cannot. My rent is already very high; and it's only owing to the most rigid industry and economy, that I've been able to clear a cent the past year."

"But you have, it seems, cleared seventy-five dollars. It is but fair, therefore, that I should raise your rent that amount—which will accordingly be done for the ensuing year."

Complaints and remonstrances are of no avail. The landlord adheres to his rule for raising rents; and as it is too near the commencement of a new year to look out for other accommodations, the poor tenant is obliged to bend his shoulders to the additional burden of seventy-five dollars.

The charitable landlord now calls upon another tenant, and, by hook or by crook, ascertains nearly about how much he has cleared the past year.

"One hundred dollars, ha, James? Well, really, I'm glad to hear it. I'm not one of those landlords who envy the prosperity of their tenants. I must put on a little more rent, James."

"More rent!—Now, in all conscience, Mr. Gripum—I hope—"

"Say nothing about it, my good fellow—say nothing at all. We understand these things perfectly. I must add another hundred dollars to your rent, which you know is a mere trifle."

"There is no encouragement for a tenant to be industrious or saving, if his gains must be taken from him in this manner."

"Never mind, James; your business is on the increase, and you can very well afford such a trifling addition to your rent. I know how to manage these things."

Thus Mr. Gripum goes from tenant to tenant, increasing their rents just in the ratio above detailed. In this manner he keeps them from becoming too rich, or appearing too proud in the world. And he finds it a very effectual way to keep them humble and dependent.

"It is a poor rule," as the old saying goes, "that won't work both ways." Not so thinks Mr. Gripum. If a tenant of his happens to have lost money during the past year, he never thinks of lowering the rent in that ratio. He does not take off a hundred dollars for every hundred lost by the unfortunate tenant. Not at all. His rule has no reverse. Its action is always upwards; and its effect is, always to keep the tenant downwards.

MISTAKING A PRIVATE HOUSE FOR A PUBLIC ONE.—Cox gives an account, in his *Adventures*, of a mistake similar to that of Goldsmith's hero in his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*—

While he and his companions were descending the Ottawa River, they were obliged to wait for a pilot at the great rapid called Le Long Sault. While staying there, says the writer, "we asked one of the *habitans* where we could obtain a good breakfast? He pointed to a handsome house on an eminence above the rapid, and merely said 'la!' A few seconds brought us to the door, which was opened by a ruddy blue-eyed damsel, who conducted us to the parlor. We told her we wished to see her master or mistress immediately, upon which she curtsied obedience and withdrew.

The parlor was the *beau ideal* of elegance and comfort. The breakfast table was partly laid, and a polished copper tea-kettle simpered most harmoniously on a bright brass footman, which was suspended from the shining bars of a Rumford grate.

While we were indulging by anticipation in the pleasures of a substantial *dejeuner*, the door opened, and a female *en deshabille* of prepossessing appearance, entered. A large bunch of keys in her hand announced her domestic supremacy. She saluted us in the most cordial and friendly manner, and begged to know if we had come from the interior? Having replied in the affirmative, she added—

"You are Nor-Westers I presume, gentlemen?"

"Yes, Madam," said Wentzel, "and have been travelling all night in search of a breakfast, which one of the *habitans* told us we could get here."

"You shall have the best the house affords," was the reply.

"Hot rolls?"

"Yes."

"Fresh eggs?"

"Most decidedly."

"A broiled chop?"

"I'll try."

"And do you hear me, landlady," said McNeill, as she was quitting the room, "this is a sharp morning—could we get a whet out of Boniface's own bottle?"

To this a favorable answer was also returned, and away she flew to comply with our various requisitions.

In a few minutes Marguerite made her appearance, carrying a large tray furnished with the hot rolls, fresh eggs, broiled chop, and the *whet*. She was followed by her mistress, who was accompanied by a middle-aged gentleman in his dressing-gown.

"You are welcome, gentlemen," said he; "Ha! my dear Wentzel, is this you? I'm delighted to see you. How did you find me out?"

"Find you out!" replied Wentzel; "Why, my dear Grant, can this be your house?"

"Certainly," said he; "and permit me to introduce you, gentlemen, to Mrs. Grant."

We all began to stammer out excuses for our apparent rudeness, and I explained the trick which the Tony Lumpkin of the village had played on us. Mrs. Grant laughed heartily at our confusion, and graciously sealed our pardon by pledging us in a flowing bowl of refreshing Hyson.

ON THE CORPORATION

Inviting Great Men to dine at the Almshouse

For great men to dine on miserable alms, it once would have caused inexpressible qualms. But now the march of improvement is such, a man of renown no sooner can touch

The bounds of our city, than, paying the price of fame, he's hurried away in a tripe

By City Powers, in the newest fashion,

To dine in public on an Almshouse ration.

The hero, the statesman, the scholar, the wit,

And shrewd politician, are all doomed to sit,

A munching their crumbs like paupers so pat, [fat]

Where the poor ne'er grow proud, the lean ne'er grow

With the taste of our Council but few would agree,

Whate'er they might think of their charity;

Nor th' Almshouse choose as a promising station,

In which to improve their own corporation.

FINDING OUT A MAN'S NAME.—"I'll bet you a mug of flip," said one Yankee to another, as they were riding in a sleigh, and have in sight of a stranger, riding in a like vehicle—"I'll bet you a mug of flip, I'll find out that man's name without asking him."

"Done!" said the other.

"Done!" exclaimed the first.

As soon as they came within speaking distance of the stranger, the Yankee who proposed the bet, said, very familiarly, "How do you do, Mr. Smith?"

"My name ain't Smith," said the stranger, "it's Holley."

"By golly!" exclaimed the acceptor of the bet, "you've won it."

The parties now called at the nearest tavern, and invited Mr. Smith, *alias* Mr. Holley, to share with them in the mug of flip.

CURING THE CHOLERA.—An Englishman, in Paris, being lately taken with the cholera, and supposing it to be a veritable cholera, despatched one of his servants for a doctor, and ordered another to commence rubbing him with a flesh-brush. The latter fell too and put it on lustily; and when the medical man came, he found his patient as black as his hat! He was very much surprised at the sudden effects of the disease; but, on examination, discovered that, instead of being mortified, the John Bull was merely covered with a coat of Day and Martin.

NATIONAL ACADEMY.—The exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open, at Clinton Hall. We are not able, from actual observation, to compare the present with former exhibitions of the same Institution; nor to say what improvements have been made from year to year; but the present strikes us as being exceedingly creditable to the artists, and as well calculated to afford a rich treat to the lovers of painting. A large proportion of the pieces, being portraits, the originals of which being unknown to us, we cannot of course judge of their faithfulness as likenesses. Of the drapery and the finish, however, we can in most instances speak with decided praise. Several of those by Ingham, Inman, and Peale, are decidedly beautiful specimens of Portrait painting. The miniatures by Cummings, Dodge, and Duboujral, are all finely finished specimens of the art. There is a great variety of charming landscape pieces, among which we noticed two or three by Bayley, as being particularly excellent. Johnston has several amusing pieces, of the Hogarth school. Hackett, in the character of Rip Van Winkle, is well executed by Inman. My Uncle Toby, looking for a mote in the eye of the Widow Wadham, by Leslie, forcibly recalls the scenes of *Tristram Shandy*. But among the great variety of specimens with which the exhibition abounds, we noticed none that pleased us more than some pieces by Mount—among which we would particularly designate a dancing scene in the Interior of a Barn, the Hawk, and the Trout. The

latter are lying on the beach, just caught, and would almost make one in love with honest old Izaak Walton. Besides the paintings, there are a few specimens of statuary; among which are the famous Chanting Cherubs, by Greenough; a fine bust of John Jay, by Frazee; &c. &c.

HARMONIA CELESTIS.—This is an instrument—of rather combination of instruments—which deserves the attention and encouragement of all the lovers of music. It is the union of organ, clarinet, flute, hautboy, bassoon, bass drum, and twenty other different kind of instruments, so connected as to “discourse excellent music,” by the aid of no more than two or three performers. It is a most ingenious contrivance—all the parts acting together, and all the sounds according, with the most wonderful harmony. The inventor and maker is a Mr. Plympton—an original Yankee—a very worthy and industrious—and certainly a very “cute” man. He has laid out four thousand dollars in the materials, and six years’ labor in the construction, of his instrument; and, having succeeded to the admiration of all those who have heard it, we hope he will be rewarded accordingly. He exhibits at 406 Broadway.

RICHMOND-HILL THEATRE.—The late alterations in this building are very decided improvements. Two boxes have been added to each tier; the pit and the stage have been materially enlarged; new scenery and decorations have been added; carpeting has been placed on the floor of the first lobby; in short, such improvements have been made, as will enable the interior of the Richmond Hill, to compare very creditably with the Park and the Bowery. So much for the building. The company is a strong one, particularly in Comedy. As a proof of this, we need only mention the names of Mr. and Mrs. Hilson; Messrs. Barnes, Hyatt, and Green. The latter is the best Irishman we ever saw on any stage. In the first place he looks the character admirably; and then the brogue is so *Pat* to his tongue, that one would suppose he had actually lived all his life on “butter-milk and paraties.” In tragedy, also, the company is not weak; Mrs. Barnes, as every body knows, is excellent; and Mr. Wilson respectable. We were not able to attend the opening last week, on account of the inclemency of the weather; and many another person was doubtless kept away by the like cause. Nevertheless, we understand the house was well filled. On Monday evening we had an opportunity of witnessing the performances; and we have seldom been more highly gratified. We wish the establishment entire success; for we are sure it will not be wanting in its endeavors to deserve it.

EPIGRAM

ON A PHYSICIAN WHO TURNED UNDERTAKER.

Translated from Martial.
“Naper erat medicus,” &c.John Dole of late a doctor was,
But doctor now no more;
John Dole an undertaker is,
And buries as before.

SELECTIONS.

Swallows in Sweden.—The swallows in Sweden, at the approach of winter, plunge themselves into the lakes, and there remain asleep and buried in the ice till the return of spring. Being then awakened by the genial warmth, they leave the water and take their flights as usual. While the lakes are frozen, if you break the ice in some places which look blacker than usual, you will find heaps of swallows, cold, asleep, and half dead; but if you take them out and warm them between your hands, or before the fire, they will immediately give signs of life, move, and stretch themselves, and in a little while fly away. The common people fancy that the water of the lakes in Sweden has a virtue in it to change into swallows the leaves which fall from the trees in autumn. In other places they hide themselves in caverns and under rocks. We have a great many of these caverns between the city of Caen and the sea, along the river Orne, where sometimes in the winter, large clusters of swallows are found hanging at the roofs like bunches of grapes. The same thing has been long ago observed in Italy; for Peder Albinovanus, in his elegant elegy on the death of Maccenas, mentions the retreat of swallows, as one of the signs of the approach of winter.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Quizzing Glasses.—A quizzing glass!—we hate them—hanging labels to fools—the very focus of impudence. With gentlemen, or those that would be such, they are bad enough; but with the ladies they are monstrous. We are grieved and mourn when we see one of these abominations in a fair hand.

What a wondrous transmitter and qualifier this same fashion or custom is!—Now, for a young lady to gaze around an audience, or openly stare

a passer-by in the face, is highly improper, indecorous,—so says custom—so says good sense;—but she may concentrate her whole vision through an eye glass, and scrutinize as closely as she pleases, and it is vastly proper and pretty and all that, and no way immodest, for fashion has stamped its seal upon it. We were passing down street with a young friend, the other day, when what should we meet but as pretty a pair of blue eyes as one could desire, or imagine,—were a pity to disfigure them—but up went the quizzing glass; my companion, who was in the field of observation, immediately raised his hand, and bending his thumb and finger circle-like, thus forming a sort of mock-artifice, returned the compliment “Did you ever see such impudence?” said she of the quizzing glass, to her companion, dropping at the same time the reprehensible instrument. Thoughtful to myself, on which side exclusively lays the charge!—*Salem Observer.*

From the London Metropolitan.

FORTY-TWO.

I'm forty-two this very day,—
Which makes me any thing but gay,
For life seems running the wrong way
At forty-two.Last night, I humm'd the Sinner's Psalm
With quite a penitential quail,
Which “drops of brandy” cannot calm
At forty-two:—To-day, I feel that I have been
A sad old scoundrel, but I mean
To wash my hands and conscience clean
By fifty-two;—Wipe off the sins I was inclined to,
By virtues I have now a mind to,
And all the lures of vice be blind to,
Though nice and new.I carp at life—am non-content;
Yet when I think I've not been sent
To Australasia's continent,
Though forty-two;That Spring (or Winter)* never bang'd me;
That Law's long Chan'ry claws ne'er fang'd me;
And not a Judge has yet once hang'd me,
Though forty-two.I really have no right to mumble,
And make a mouth at Fate, nor grumble:—
Here then begins my being humble,
At forty-two.Yet things there are, that mix with life,
One quarrels with as with a wife,
And love them too, and love the strife,
At forty-two.It stirs one's bile, which does it good,
And agitates the lazy blood,
Which else would bake like summer mud,
At forty-two.My patience pouts at politics,
And all the other tick and tricks,
For which I care not pennies six,
At forty-two.Things I was wont to sigh and tweeze at,
I smile at now, and sometimes sneeze at;
And some that warm'd me once I freeze at,
At forty-two.Eyes which could set my heart on fire,
And raise its life-insurance higher,
I look on now with a desire
(At forty-two.)Not more than 20° Fahrenheit;—
I scarcely feel my pulses beat,
And if they do, 'tis “The Retreat.”
At forty-two.Virtue, and all that sort of thing,
Pulls down my fancy from the wing,
And will not let me say or sing
At forty-two.The Tom-Moore canzonettas sung
When head and heart and soul were young;
They stick like birdlime to my tongue
At forty-two.All that I thought of woman's eyes
And raved about those earthly skies,
When love made me astronomize
At twenty-two,I treat hard-heartedly, and huff
As scarcely worth a pinch of snuff,—
In short, I set it down as stuff
At forty-two.

* Not the respectable Seasons so named, but Winter the boxer, who rejoices in the alias of Spring, and under the gentler appellation has often proved “a hard Winter” to his antagonists.

I am, and it becomes me, staid,—
Would like to love, but am afraid,—
I want that passion ready made
At forty-two.And yet I sometimes say I'll marry,
But Prudence says, “You'd better tarry,
A wife might play with you Lord Harry
At forty-two.”She might, and might not—there's no telling;
And then I muse on Miss Llewellyn,
Who lives right opposite my dwelling
At “Lil’”Kept by Miss “Furbelow, from Flint's:—
I used to think she gave me hints
Whilst spreading out the tapes and chintz
At “Lil’”But I found out 'twas Mr. Podger,
Our sanctimonious first-floor lodger,
Who used each evening to dodge her,
(He's thirty two.)On whom she smiled as smile she can,—
A mighty small smart sort of man,
As ever fluttered round a fan,
For thirty two.Yet I gaze on her, when I dare—
Love the curl'd tendrils, her own hair;
But more of fear than hope is there
At forty-two.I think of husbands (young) hen-peck'd,
And kept in bondage most abject:—
What other fate could I expect
At forty-two?And yet I love Miss Llewellyn much;—
But with an ardor rather Dutch,
I ask myself,—my love is such,—
“Would she keep well my household hutch
At twenty-two,Make me a thrifty, tender Vrow?
Smooth off the wrinkles from my brow,
And raise my spirits which are low
At forty-two?Is she profound in pot and pan?
In pastry a good artisan?
If she is these, then I'm her man,
Though forty-two!”But halt!—by Prudence I am beckon'd,—
I am (though on the Roll not reckon'd)
One of the “gallant Forty-second.” C.W.

A Good Joke.—A travelling dandy, put up at a tavern in a neighboring town, not many years since, where he concluded to spend the Sabbath. He prepared himself to attend meeting, but not possessing that very important chattel, a watch, and being particularly desirous to cut a swell dash, he applied to the landlord for the loan of his watch. The landlord, possessing a very powerful alarm watch, very readily complied with the request, but previously wound up the alarm and set it at the hour which he supposed would be about the middle of the first prayer. The dandy repaired to church, he arose with all the grace of a finished exquisite at the commencement of the prayer, and stood playing very gracefully, as he doubtless supposed, with the borrowed watch seals, when suddenly he jumped as if he had discovered a den of rattlesnakes in his pocket, the whizzing of the alarm had commenced, the people stared, the dandy made a furious grab at the offending watch with both hands, outside of the pocket, and he attempted to squeeze it into silence, but all in vain, it kept its t-r-r-r-r-r—and it seemed to him as if it would never cease, the sweat rolled off the poor fellow, he seized his hat, and making one desperate effort for the door, hurried off with his watch pocket in one hand and his hat in the other, amid the suppressed laughter of the whole congregation. He probably did not attend that meeting in the afternoon.—*N. H. Spectator.*

Anecdote.—A jolly son of Erin who once resided in this village, being desirous of eating his calf, requested a bricklayer who was passing to kill the cruther for him. The mason having a much better knack at using the trowel than the butcher knife, refused; the Irishman insisted and handed over the cash in advance, when our friend of the plumb and level consented to “do the deed,” and repairing to the barn he despatched the calf and went his way. Upon going to the barn the Irishman discovering that the mason had tricked him, followed him and demanded, why in the name of St. Patrick he had left his calf with the skin on, “Och by the land of shelalah's and pratees, and that's the swate Emerald island itself, did ye suppose I could swallow my calf with the skin on?” “When I make a bargain to kill a calf, friend, and get the cash in advance, you'll not catch me spending more time than is useful, I guess. I killed your calf, you asked no more of me, and I agreed to do no more.” “Och, blood and thunder,

is it a d—n yankee thrick yer playin upon me—well if I only had you or the likes of you in *ould* Ireland, I'd let ye know that such thricks could be easily cured by a drop of the essence of the sprig of shelalah, and whenever I want another calf kilt, by the powers but I'll cook him and eat him alive before I'll employ any infernal yankee of all of ye to do it for me, that's what I will ye spalpeen.”
—*N. H. Spectator.*

Colossal Size.—A family of silk-weavers, are living in the quarter St. Jacques, of Paris, consisting of a father, mother and child, all of whom enjoy uninterrupted and vigorous health; the former two, ever since their marriage have continued to live upon four pounds of coarse wheaten bread, and one pound of beef daily; these substances being so distributed that one fourth of each is eaten by the mother, one-fourth by the child, and two fourths by the father; in addition to these substances, they take nothing during the day but a little coffee, not remarkably strong, in the morning; and when business is remarkably flourishing, once upon a time, by way of holiday-feasting, a few vegetables, such as haricot bean, cabbage, or potatoes. The husband is from Caen, forty-five years of age, nine feet ten inches (English measure) in height, and very robust and fat; the wife is from Lyons, thirty-four years of age, about five feet (English measure) in height, and very strong and muscular; the child is also strong and healthy, and nine years of age. The parents have been married eighteen years, the whole of which period they have dwelt in the same part of Paris; the wife has produced six children, and is now three months gone with the seventh; has suffered very little during her accouchment, except the first; and has never, while nursing, consumed more than the quantity of food already mentioned, nor felt any want of more. Five of the children died from convulsions during the period of teething. The mother attended me as sick nurse, living with me in the house and sitting up night and day for near five weeks. She consumed so little food as to be remarked, both by myself and the master of the hotel, with whom she dined.—*Lon. Med. Jour.*

Laconics.—No man should appear unhappy, on the principle that no good night ever looks blue. If virtue be in resisting temptation, surely no woman is chased unless she be run after.

Marriage is designated the *brilliant* state; and, indeed, it puts a curb on most persons.

Clocks that have stopped, by misrepresenting the time, become paradoxes; they stand and lie simultaneously.

Schools for young persons are called pre-parrotory, because at them every thing is learnt by rote.

Intercourse is generally a sign of friendship; and, indeed, it is but natural, if you correspond with a person, for most persons to think you like him.

A sword is one of the emblems of justice; and it is but uniform that, with such a weapon, we should meet *red-dress*.

Jews generally wear beards, to show that they are of the tribe of *Hair-on* (Aaron.)

Bread and Cheese.—A couple of swarthy turtle doves in Berkshire county, who lived in a placid state of enjoyment for many years, not long since fell into a domestic broil, which threatened to cut short the black thread of their protracted happiness. Caesar tried all the tender blandishments he possessed, and which he had practised so successfully in winning his fair one's early affections, to effect a reconciliation; but she was inexorable, and heeded not his endeavors, so opening the door, he thrust her heels over head out of the house, at the same time handing her a large cheese and telling her she had the whole world to get her *ead* in.—*Northampton Cour.*

Anecdote.—Two children, a brother and sister, having got into a wrangle about a plaything, the little girl, who was about 4 years old, pushed her brother, and in turn the brother struck his sister. The father, after rebuking them, and telling them how wicked it was for brothers and sisters to quarrel, asked them if they were not sorry. They readily answered in the affirmative. The father then told them that they must tell each other that they were sorry. This was a little more difficult, especially for the little girl. She went up however as directed and said “I am sorry.” “Sorry for what?” said the father.—“You must tell your brother what you are sorry for.” “Sorry you struck me,” instantly rejoined the girl.—*North Adams (Mass.) Gaz.*

Colloquial.—Conversation is a sort of race. If a person be in the mood, and get the start of you, it is in vain to contend. Let him run himself out of breath, and by and by you will come up with him. You may slip a word in now and then, but it is borne off by the current of his tongue, and over whelmed and lost. Besides, there is so much self-satisfaction attending a fit of fluency, that, in this world of scanty enjoyment, it is cruel to mar any occasion that affords it. We say, then, if you are assailed with a shower of words, let the speaker talk on without interruption; but slip away as soon as you can, politely.—*Salem Observer.*

THE KISS OF LOVE.

"* Turn we to a less mournful subject, the kiss amatory. On writing this word, we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and beautiful thing—first innocent love—There is that in female beauty that delights, merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the white of the eye, and the carnated skin,—the clear, placid blue, into which you see down, down into the very soul,—the deep hazel, lustrous as a sunlit stream, seen through an opening in its willowy banks,—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, and the hundredth you are a gone man. On a sudden, the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever; or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eyelid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek,—and at once you are in love. Then you spend the mornings in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away determined to tell your whole story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower with which she presents you—perhaps in the daring intoxication of love, waiting it towards her; or, in an affection of the coquette style, kneeling, with mock heroic emphasis, to kiss her hand, in affected jest; and the next time you meet with her, both are stately and reserved as ever. Till at last, on some unmemorable day, when you find yourself alone with the lady, you quite unawares for her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed but not withheld.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.

Tail's Magazine.

AUDUBON.

Author of "The Birds of America," and "Ornithological Biography."

[Abridged from the *Am. Monthly Journal of Geology and Natural Science.*]

John James Audubon, of French descent, was born in the State of Louisiana—but as no words can tell his early history so eloquently as his own, we shall proceed to select such passages from the "Introductory Address," to his *Ornithological Biography*, as cannot fail to excite in our readers, a deep interest for the writer of this most interesting, but too short autobiographical sketch. After calling himself an "American woodsman," he proceeds:

"I received life and light in the New World. When I had hardly yet learned to walk, and to articulate those first words always so endearing to parents, the productions of Nature that lay spread all around were constantly pointed out to me. 'Play soon become my playmates; and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky, and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them, not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on phrenzy, must accompany my steps through life; and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions. They laid such hold upon me, that, when removed from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wild Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aerial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks to which the dark winged Cuckoo, the Curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest. My father generally accompanied my steps, procured birds and flowers for me with great eagerness,—pointed out the elegant movements of the former, the beauty and softness of their plumage, the manifestations of their pleasure or sense of danger,—and the always perfect forms and splendid attire of the latter. My valued preceptor would then speak of the departure and return of birds with the seasons, and would describe their haunts, and, more wonderful than all, their change of every; thus exciting me to study them, and to raise my mind towards their great Creator.

"A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of my early youth, attended with a calmness of feeling, that seldom failed to rivet my attention for hours, whilst I gazed in ecstacy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay imbedded in the softest down, or among dried leaves and twigs, or were exposed upon the burning sand, or weather-beaten rock of our Atlantic shores. I was taught to look upon them as flowers yet in the bud. I watched their opening, to see how Nature had provided each different species with eyes, either open at birth, or closed for some time after; to trace the slow progress of the young birds towards perfection, or admire the celerity with which some of them, while yet unfledged, removed themselves from danger to security.

"I grew up, and my wishes grew with my form. These wishes were for the entire possession of all that I saw. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed, and forever doubtless, must I have desisted that cannot be gratified. The moment a bird was dead, however beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became dimmed; and although the greatest care was bestowed

on endeavours to preserve the appearance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied, as requiring constant attention and repeated mendings, while, after all, it could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its Maker. I wished to possess all the productions of nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible. Then what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of *Illustrations*. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity; and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy Nature. To Nature I went, and tried to imitate her, as in the days of my childhood I had tried to raise myself from the ground and stand erect, before Time had imperilled the vigour necessary for the success of such an undertaking.

"How sorely disappointed did I feel, for many years, when I saw that my productions were worse than those which I ventured (perhaps in silence) to regard as bad, in the book given me by my father! My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples. So named were most of them, that they resembled the mangled corpses on the field of battle, compared with the integrity of living men. These difficulties and disappointments irritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually; and for a long time, at my request they made bonfires on the anniversaries of my birthday."

As the bent of such inclinations could not be mistaken, he was sent to France, when very young, and applied himself with great patience and industry to drawing. But at the age of seventeen, when he returned to his native country, although he was familiar with those rudiments of the higher branches of the art, heads and noses of giants and horses; and although the celebrated David had guided his hand, he cast them all aside at the sight of his native woods, and with great ardour commenced that unrivalled collection of drawings, "The Birds of America," which Cuvier has pronounced "the most magnificent monument which has hitherto been raised to ornithology."

"In Pennsylvania, a beautiful state, almost central on the line of our Atlantic shores, my father, in his desire of proving my friend through life, gave me what Americans call a beautiful 'plantation,' a freshet during the summer heat by the waters of the Schuylkill river, and traversed by a creek called Perkiomen. Its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, offered many subjects to my pencil. It was there that I commenced my simple and agreeable studies, with as little concern about the future as of the world had been made for me. My rambles invariably commenced at break of day; and to return wet with dew, and bearing a feathered prize, was, and ever will be, the highest enjoyment for which I have been fitted.

"Yet think not, reader, that the enthusiasm which I felt for my favourite pursuits was a barrier opposed to the admission of gentler sentiments. Nature, which had turned my young mind towards the bird and the flower, soon proved her influence upon my heart."

He married; passed twenty years of his life in vain commercial attempts to become rich, "after the ways of men," and after many unhappy struggles with the opinions of his friends, and irritated at the restraint they sought to impose upon his inclinations, he broke away from the world, and gave himself up to his own favourite pursuits. Unknown, without fortune, and in opposition to the wishes of his friends, he abandoned every thing for nature; led by that irresistible passion, which, at a ripened age, and in possession of those advantages which usually bind men to society, has again drawn him into the unfrequented wilds of the remote shores of his native America. In April, 1824, he visited Philadelphia, which gave him an opportunity of exhibiting his drawings, and forming a few valuable acquaintances. Dr. Mease presented him to Charles Lucien Bonaparte, one of the most learned ornithologists of the present day, and to whom the world owes the splendid continuation of Wilson's ornithology. By this gentleman he was greatly encouraged to persevere in his pursuits, with a view to future independence and eminence; and after exploring the State of New York, in "the wildest solitudes of the pathless and gloomy forests," he after an absence of eighteen months, returned to his family, then in Louisiana, and "explored every portion of the vast woods around."

But his port folio, at length,—after having been destroyed, as he relates at page 13,—became full; and remembering the encouragement he had received from his friend, Charles L. Bonaparte, his somewhat ambitious mind was turned to Europe, as the only country where his labours would be cherished.

"America being my country, and the principal pleasures of my life having been obtained there, I prepared to leave it, with deep sorrow, after vain trying to publish my *Illustrations* in the United States. In Philadelphia, Wilson's principal engraver, amongst others, gave it as his opinion to my friends, that my drawings could never be engraved. In New York, other difficulties presented themselves, which determined me to carry my collections to Europe.

"As I approached the coast of England, and for the first time beheld her fertile shores, the despondency of my spirits became very great. I knew not an individual in the country; and although I was the bearer

of letters from American friends, and statesmen of great eminence, my situation appeared precarious in the extreme. I imagined that every individual whom I was about to meet, might be possessed of talents superior to those of any on our side of the Atlantic! Indeed, as I for the first time walked in the streets of Liverpool, my heart nearly failed me, for not a glance of sympathy did I meet in my wanderings, for two days. To the woods I could not betake myself, for there were none near.

"But how soon did all around me assume a different aspect! How fresh is the recollection of the change! The very first letter which I tendered procured me a world of friends. The Rathbones, the Roscoes, the Traills, the Chorleys, the Mellies, and others, took me by the hand; and so kind and beneficent, nay, so generously kind, have they all been towards me, that I can never cancel the obligation. My drawings were publicly exhibited and publicly praised. Joy swelled my heart. The first difficulty was surmounted. Honours which, on application being made through my friends, Philadelphia had refused, Liverpool freely accorded.

[This, we are told, refers to the circulation of a story by some persons unfriendly to him, that his statements and descriptions were not entitled to credit: in support of which they referred to his representation of mocking-birds defending their nest from a rattlesnake,—pronouncing it only a fancy sketch, and thus casting a suspicion over all his work. Subsequently the truth of this account of the climbing habits of the rattlesnake received confirmation, and the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, by electing Audubon an associate, and subscribing for a copy of his magnificent work, and the Society which had formerly refused him membership, by a like proceeding, atoned for the treatment of which he complained.]

The remainder of the introductory address, from which we have made our quotations, is devoted to an account of the cordial manner with which he was received in Liverpool and Edinburgh, of the grateful attentions paid to him by some of their most distinguished inhabitants. No sooner was his great merit perceived, than he was spontaneously and gratuitously enrolled a member of their first societies. Audubon was now about to enter upon the fruition of those anticipations which so long had borne him up; and encouraged from every quarter, he opened an exhibition of his drawings. We extract the following from Blackwood.

"Soon after his arrival in Edinburgh, where he soon found many friends, he opened his exhibition. Four hundred drawings,—paintings in water colours—of about two thousand birds, covered the walls of the institution hall, in the royal society buildings, and the effect was like magic. The spectator imagined himself in the forest. All were of the size of life, from the wren and the humming bird, to the wild turkey and the bird of Washington. But what signifies the mere size! The colours were all of life too—bright as when borne in beaming beauty through the woods. There, too, were their attitudes and postures, infinite as they are assumed by the restless creatures, in motion or rest, in their glee and their gambols, their loves and their wars, singing, or cressing, or brooding, or preying, or tearing one another into pieces. The trees too, on which they sat or sported, all true to nature, in hole, branch, spray, and leaf; the flowering shrubs, and the ground flowers, the weeds, and the very grass, all American—so too the atmosphere and the skies—all transatlantic. 'Twas a wild and poetical vision of the heart of the new world, inhabited as yet almost wholly by the lovely or noble creatures, 'that own not man's dominion.'"

The complete success of this exhibition, decided Audubon upon the great undertaking he has, in part, most admirably accomplished; that of engraving these magnificent drawings. We should not do justice to them, if we were to omit the following passage in the introductory address:—

"Merely to say, that each object of my illustrations is of the size of nature, were too vague—for to many it might only convey the idea that they are so, more or less, according as the eye of the delineator may have been more or less correct in measurement simply obtained through that medium; and of avoiding error in this respect I am particularly desirous. Not only is every object, as a whole, of the natural size, but also every portion of each object. The compass added me in its delineation, regulated and corrected each part, even to the very fore-shortening which now and then may be seen in the figures. The bill, the feet, the legs, the claws, the very feathers as they project one beyond another, have been accurately measured. The birds, almost all of them, were killed by myself, after I had examined their motions and habits, as much as the case admitted, and were regularly drawn on or near the spot where I procured them. The positions may, perhaps, in some instances, appear *outre*; but such supposed exaggerations can afford subject of criticism only to persons unacquainted with the feathered tribes; for, believe me, nothing can be more transient or varied than the attitudes or positions of birds. The Heron, when warning itself in the sun, will sometimes drop its wings several inches, as if they were disarticulated; the Swan may often be seen floating with one foot extended from the body; and some Pigeons, you will know, turn quite over, when playing in the air. The flowers, plants, or portions of trees which are attached to the principal objects, have been chosen from amongst those in the vicinity of which the birds were found, and are not, as some persons have thought,

the trees or plants upon which they always feed or perch." (Remainder in our next.)

INCIDENTS OF THE LATE WAR.

The descriptions from which we have made the following extract, are by a contributor to Mr. Campbell's Magazine, whose personal narrative is there recorded.

We were despatched from the squadron in order to draw the attention of the American troops from Baltimore, whilst our army advanced upon Washington; and consequently we were engaged in some annoying and offensive operations every day and night. We had followed the laudable example set us by the Admiral, and, from constant operations since we were most consummately skilled in the art of house-burning. It is quite a mistake to set fire to a house to windward; it should always be fired on the leeward side,—the air becoming rarefied by the heat, the wind rushes round the corners, and blows the flame into the house; whereas, on the weather side, the wind blows the flame round the angles, and does comparatively very little mischief. My readers may rely upon this interesting information being correct, because we tried the effect on two houses at the same time.

There are times in a man's life when his mind forebodes approaching dangers, and prophesies results; these hints are usually slighted until the mischief has been accomplished, and then conscience steps in and brings back the former warning to our memory. We had, on the morning of the day on which the following event occurred, not only burnt, but robbed a house, from the parlour of which we had stolen a mahogany table for our berth; we therefore got rid of our old oaken affair, and placed our ill-gotten furniture in its place. As this genteel apparatus was none the better for long neglect on shore and the careless manner in which it had been handled in sending it on board, I, as the caterer of the mess,—to which high situation I had been lately appointed,—proposed that we should take it by turns to polish the table, in order to render it a proper bright appendage to our berth. Poor Sands, who was seated in a corner, looking wofully wretched, refused to assist; alleging as a reason, that he felt perfectly convinced he should never eat off the table, as that night he was to be killed. In vain I attempted to rally him from the strange melancholy which had overtaken him; he sat in a state of almost perfect stupefaction. I ordered some supper; of which however he would not partake, but opening his desk he made all his oldest friends a trifling present; to me he gave a silver knife, and, with a sad countenance, said, "I have nothing to send home; but my death will be severely felt there." We, not having exactly the same awful feelings as our messmate, burst into a fit of laughter, which however neither excited the resentment nor the spleen of poor Sands. At this time he was the only midshipman destined to remain on board, the rest being appointed to the different boats and different divisions of small-arm men to be ready for service by nine o'clock. As it was requisite to avoid any thing like suspicion in the eyes of our enemies, (the frigate being placed within about pistol-shot of the shore,) instead of using the boatswain's-mate's pipes to call the boats away, the order was merely whispered along the decks. Martin (who afterwards died in command of the Nautilus, I believe, in the Havannah) being asleep, and not being roused by the slight bustle, was absent when his boat was manned; and Sands, who had officiated in preparing the boats, was desired to command her in Martin's stead; thus he was thrust into service unprepared, and here he felt the certainty that his death was approaching.

That morning Sir Peter Parker, in leaning backwards over the taffrail to make some remarks upon the rigging at the mizen-top-gallant-mast-head, let his gold laced cocked hat fall off. He said, very thoughtfully, and in a very unusual manner, "I much fear my head will follow, this evening." From this moment he became thoughtful and reserved; he prepared his will with the usher; he destroyed his letters; he made several allusions to his wife and children; and at dinner—I dined alone with him that day—he was unusually reserved and dull; a kind of melancholy settled upon his countenance, and every feature indicated some secret foreboding awfully present to his imagination. Nine o'clock came; the boats were manned, and I, as his aid de-camp, took my usual seat in his gig. All the boats left the ship at the same moment, and, with muffled oars and breathless silence, we approached the landing-place. When the gig's keel grated on the sand, and the boat stopped, I was surprised to find Sir Peter Parker remain motionless on his seat; and knowing his usual ambition to be first, I was rather slack in asking, which I was obliged to do, if I should land first. This awoke our chief from his lethargy; but, instead of walking over the gang-board, he stepped overboard alongside in the water, and walked on shore. The preparation of forming the men, selecting the advance-guard, and giving necessary orders, diverted Sir Peter from his melancholy, and he appeared animated, and flushed with as much hope and confidence, as on any former occasion. Our troops, consisting of the marines and about one hundred scamen, all having been taught to march in line and countermarch upon occasions, advanced in pretty fair style, and we began to approach our enemies. The advance-guard, under the command of the master at arms and a youngster, had marched about a quarter of a mile, when they discovered the picket of the Americans mounted on their horses under a large tree, and apparently all asleep. Instead of sending directly this information to Sir Peter, they thought it

wise to approach as near as possible, and, taking deliberate aim, fired at the sleeping guard: although when they fired they were not ten paces from the enemy, yet they contrived to miss horses, riders, and all. The Americans, startled into activity by the unwelcome salute, returned the fire with equal success, and galloped off into the wood. Here they fired a single pistol: it was answered by one further off; and that again answered at the camp by a field-piece. It was now past a doubt that we were discovered, and a prudent man would have instantly retired. It was the height of madness to advance into the interior of a country we knew nothing about, led by a black guide, who might have been paid to lead us into a snare; surrounded too by woods, through which we had the option to pass in preference to walking through an open field or two, where, owing to the bright moonshine on our polished-barrel muskets, we might be discerned at any distance. In short, we had a host of mischiefs to counteract, and only one wise mode of proceeding which we failed to avail ourselves of; namely, a retreat in time. Fate hurried us on to destruction; and after a council of war which path to take, we took the worst of course, and advanced along the open ground, perceptible to our enemies for the above named reasons, whilst they remained entirely obscured, by the woods, from our sight. We continued our ill-fated march, but suddenly halted at the approach of a single horseman, who, having arrived close to our men, called out, "Well now, that's odd enough! I calculate I have made a mistake and got amongst the Britishers." "Who are you?" asked Sir Peter. "Why, I expect I'm nobody on the face of the earth." He was a man about eighteen stone and a colonel of the militia. He was instantly dismounted, placed under the guardianship of one of the gunner's crew, and ultimately met a very cruel death, which will be related hereafter. Sir Peter Parker mounted the steed, and turning round to his army, gave the word, "Battalion, advance!" Having some orders to deliver to the different officers, I passed in the rear, and on my return saw poor Sands; he expressed himself more and more satisfied that his end was approaching, and seemed only vexed at the idea of his marching a measured step to his inevitable destruction. I left him watchful as to his men, but irrevocably lost as to moral courage. After passing through a small village, we came to some hurdles, where Sir Peter dismounted, and the guide asked if he preferred being led through the woods in the rear of the enemy, or to advance by the open ground in front of their camp.

Even now, had we been blessed with one single ray of common reason, we should have retreated; but no, relentless Fate still interfered. Here we had the certainty that our enemies were prepared, were five times more numerous than ourselves, had the advantage of local knowledge, field-pieces, cavalry, and riflemen; whilst we had not more than eighty men armed with muskets, the rest being provided with boarding-pikes and cutlasses. We had four men who formed a rocket brigade; but the man who carried the rocket-staffs was the first killed, and therefore that brigade was of no possible use. It was determined to advance in face of the enemy, and once more the word to march was heard along the line. Had the cavalry attacked us as we crossed the hurdles, our defeat would have been easy and our fate inevitable. We had to pass along a road in the wood, broad enough for about five men to march abreast; and we were in the centre of this pass when the enemy's riflemen opened fire within about four paces of our men. The fire was well directed, and consequently destructive. Sir Peter sounded the charge, and we suddenly emerged into an open field, divided by a road, and perfectly surrounded by thick wood. It was a gentle ascent, on the summit of which the enemy had planted five field-pieces, which formed their centre; their five hundred men were equally divided on the flanks. As the fire was too hot and too well-directed to allow us to continue in the road, the marines under Sir Peter Parker, Lieutenant Pearce (who afterwards died in Africa), the veteran Banyan, and the Second Lieut. Poe, struck off to the right; whilst the blue-jackets under Lieut. Craze advanced on the left side of the field. As the marines fired rapidly, the whole force of the enemy was drawn to oppose us; and we advanced at double quick time in the hopes of closing with our foes; but they retreated slowly, as we advanced, towards the wood in their rear: at last they made a halt, and we heard the officers cheering their men to stand firm. Pocock, a midshipman, who never felt any indication of fear since he was born, rushed in the front of our rank, and challenged the officer; not certainly in the most courtly manner, for he damned him for a chattering monkey who would be the first to run away. To this moment Sir Peter Parker cheered on the marines with his usual determined courage; his Turkish sabre sparkled in the moonlight as he waved it over his head, and his continual cry of "Forward! forward!" resounded amidst the firing; but now his voice failed, and he fell in my arms. The whole animation of the party died when he dropped; the firing on our side ceased, and we surrounded our wounded Captain. His only words were these:—"I fear they have done for me. Pearce, you had better retreat; for the boats are far distant." In vain we asked where he was wounded; for he was unable to speak, and had fainted. On lifting him on the marines' shoulders, six of whom carried him off the field, Pocock, who had assisted, and who had placed his hands under the knees of the Captain, remarked that the dew was very heavy, for the Captain was wet through; and on holding his hands to the moonlight, he discovered the dampness

to proceed from blood. It was instantly proposed to strip Sir Peter on the spot; and had this been done, he might have been saved: a buck-shot had cut the femoral artery, and he was bleeding to death. A pocket-handkerchief and a ramrod, in the absence of a tourniquet, would have stopped the blood; but no, we had little time for reason, for we had manifested a most determined opposition to that goddess throughout the whole affair. In the mean time we began our retreat, the other division of our party having long before taken their departure: they had advanced up the left side of the field, and then edged into the woods, through which they wandered at random, ultimately however arriving opposite the ships and embarking. No sooner had we recrossed the hurdles above mentioned, when the sound of cavalry was heard on our left, clattering along the road; our force at that moment amounting to only sixteen men, and both marine officers wounded. Pocock had not escaped; a shot had struck him in that place where Hudibras whimsically places honour: and Pearce and myself were the only two untouched. The grass was as high as our shoulders; and as the infantry were following our retreat, we lay down and allowed them to pass. They edged away to the right, keeping up a continual fire, and ultimately entered the wood through which our blue-jackets had retreated. As the cavalry had broken through the hurdles, and were coming exactly in our direction, we were obliged to remain concealed until they had passed, when we lifted our dead Captain, concealed the muskets from the moonlight, and advanced to the hurdles, keeping them on our left hand. The cavalry, having skirted the field, returned to our side: we were obliged to leap the hurdles, and point the bayonets through the apertures. On they came valiantly enough as soon as they perceived their prey, and our sixteen marines stood as quietly as if the chances were equal: they allowed the troopers to advance within about six yards, when they poured in a well-directed volley, shouting at the same moment. The Independent Light-Horse Volunteers of Virginia did not relish this salute; their horses, unaccustomed to such uncouth sounds, stopped short and turned round; some were thrown, some killed, and all for the present perfectly routed. We had not a moment to lose: we again placed our dead Captain on the shoulders of the marines, and under the direction of Pearce, who was a clever, intelligent, brave, and determined man, recrossed the hurdles, and leaving them close on our left hand, commenced a quick retreat. His reason for keeping in the high grass was to be as much as possible obscured from the cavalry and the riflemen. Every five minutes we had to relieve the men who carried Sir Peter: not a murmur was heard; every one cheerfully took his turn; and confidence was kept alive from the known bravery of each man, most of whom had been in twenty-eight different engagements together. In this manner we stood eight charges of the cavalry, without the loss of a man on our side. Immediately they were beaten off, we resumed our retreat. Banyan, the marine officer, was shot through both thighs, and was obliged to have two men to assist him: his indomitable courage supported him. In spite of the stiffness occasioned from the wounds, the poignant pain, and the hazardous situation in which we were placed, he gave his orders coolly and distinctly; he leaned against the hurdles at each charge, and cheered his men to stand firmly and act bravely. In short, had merit been rewarded, as it scarcely ever is where the valiant want interest, Banyan ought to have had a memorial of that night affixed to his breast—the star of the brave, and the object of every soldier's ambition. I cannot do him justice, excepting in writing the truth, which it is not always convenient to place in a despatch. We arrived at the village through which we had passed in our advance. The women, fearful we might wreak our revenge, stood crying at their doors. No one thought of them: the well was our object; and no dogs after a long run ever approached the cooling stream with half our eagerness. It was it was whispered that the spring was poisoned, a circumstance we knew to be far from improbable: nature was above all apprehension, and I was the first to place my mouth to the bucket. Talk of nectar!—no man knows the sweetness of water who has not tasted it under severe suffering. We placed Sir Peter on the stone of the well, and after we had uselessly chafed his temples and refreshed ourselves, we again proceeded on our retreat. It was now two o'clock in the morning: from eleven we had been engaged in such a severe contest, that out of eighty men we only mustered sixteen, and two of those wounded. I must confess that, when we departed from the village, I proposed to leave the Captain behind. I conceived it perfect folly to risk our lives for no possible good: he was dead beyond all doubt, and we stood a chance of following his fate if we carried him. A shout of displeasure arose from the men, who swore he never should be left to be buried by strangers. They again resumed their labours, and, after a painful march of an hour, we arrived at the beach, and instinctively walked into the water. To our extreme mortification the boats were not where we left them. Pearce questioned me as to their position: this was the only time the Captain had omitted to make me acquainted with any change, and I was consequently unable to give any satisfactory reply; we therefore resumed our march along the beach towards the frigate. On the right was a high bank, from the summit of which we perceived numerous heads; we were hailed, and gave the answer "Brook Street!"—the countess was "Forty-four." It was answered, and we found our

long-strayed comrades equally gratified to find we were friends. We now laid Sir Peter on a large log of wood: the assistant-surgeon, Mr. Millar, declared him perfectly dead, which I could have sworn to about three hours previous to this declaration. We embarked; and the sorrow of the crew, when they heard the loss they had sustained, baffles my power to paint.

No sooner had we all embarked, and were on the point of committing ourselves to our hammocks, when the drum beat to quarters. We were instantly at our posts, and found that the gun-boats, hearing the firing, had come from Baltimore to amuse us. A single shot dispersed them, and we retired. I was so fatigued that I could not undress myself, but turned in all-standing, as the sailors say.

I promised to mention the death of the American colonel, which I shall do as shortly as possible. When the first charge took place, the gunner's mate led his prisoner away from the firing, and stood by him with a pistol in his hand: he had not been long in that position before a troop of horse came on a full trot in their direction. The gunner's mate, turning to his prisoner, said, "I'm sorry, my lad, to do it; but I must do it, you know." "Do what?" replied the prisoner. "Why, shoot you, to be sure. Did not you hear the Captain desire me not to let you escape?" "Why, now, I expect you would not shoot me in cool blood; for I calculate you're a man, although you are a Britisher, I guess." "Here they come!" replied Jack, and shot the colonel through the head; the leading dragon at that moment cleaving him through the shoulder, and leaving him like a fowl with a wing nearly severed from the trunk.

THE CHOLERA.

IN ENGLAND.—In London and its vicinity, the report gives New Cases. Died. Recov'd. Rem'g.
April 17, 11 7 17 103
18, 20 5 8 110
19, 20, 15 8 19 85

Total cases since commencement 2492; deaths 1302.

The cholera appears to be approaching Leeds. Several cases have occurred at Selby. On Thursday the Board of Health ordered that vessels should not be allowed to pass up from Goole, which are not supplied with certificates of health.—Leeds Intel. The cholera has made its appearance in Darlington: there have been 23 cases, some slight, some severe, and 3 deaths. They have all occurred in Park street or its immediate neighborhood.—ib. The cholera still lingers in Ely, but there have been few fresh cases this week, and the number of patients now ill does not exceed 10 or 12. A few cases have occurred in villages near Ely, and on the borders of Huntingdonshire; and it is a little singular that the disease should be pursuing its course in a north and northwesterly direction, as in its route from Sunderland. We do not hear of a single case to the south or east of Ely, except of the woman from Witcham, who took the disease at Ely.—Camb. Chron.

IN SCOTLAND.—Glasgow and Suburbs—
New Cases. Died. Recov'd. Rem'g.
April 16, 12 9 5 38
17, 21 8 12 39
18, 17 9 5 42
19, 8 7 8 35
20, 16 7 10 34

Total cases 869; deaths 445; recoveries 330.

Edinburgh, from 17th to 20th incl.—New cases 28, died 17, recov'd 16, rem'd 14: total cases 171, deaths 100, recov. 57. Leith, 17th to 20th incl.—New cases 13, died 7, rec. 3: total cases 25, deaths 15, rec. 4, rem'd 6. Paisley, 17th to 20th incl.—New cases 13, died 4, rec. 9, rem'd 14: total cases 381, deaths 213, rec. 154. Greenock, 16th to 19th incl.—New cases 39, died 24, rec. 10, rem'd 30: total cases 189, deaths 105, rec. 54. Pollockshaws, 15th to 18th incl.—New cases 37, died 21, rec. 23, rem'd 22: total cases 116, deaths 52, rec. 42. At Grangemouth, the cholera showed itself on the 12th, in a most malignant form, and made fearful havoc in one family. The mother, two daughters, and a nephew, have fallen victims. Total cases to the 17th, 15, deaths 7, rem'd 8. Perth, in the week ending 19th Ap.—New cases 16, died 6, rem'd 3: total cases 74, deaths 39, recov. 32.

IN IRELAND.—Dublin, from the 18th to 20th April incl.—New cases 12, died 27, rec. 0, rem'd 20: total cases 95, deaths 56. Cork, on Thursday evening, 19th, the number of cases since the commencement were 85 (of which 20 occurred since Wednesday night), 38 deaths (3 of them on Thursday), 3 recov. and 41 rem'd. Naas, Ap. 19—New cases 3, died 3, rec. 1, rem'd 0. Banbridge, Ap. 18—New cases 2, died 2, rec. 0, rem'd 1. Dunfanaghy, co. Donegal, Ap. 18—7 cases and 5 deaths. Ramelton, Ap. 18—2 cases and 2 deaths.

At a public meeting held in Dublin on Tuesday last, Colonel Morris declared he had no doubt the disease was contagious. The following facts he instanced as affording some proof of that position: Behind his stables in Grenville street, runs Temple lane, where a smith's wife was taken ill with cholera; exertions were made to have her removed to the hospital, but the husband would not suffer her to go; she however died on Saturday last. The body was taken for interment to the Roman Catholic cemetery at Glasnevin, but the persons there refused to admit the body for interment, as it was too late. It was brought back and waked, and six of the persons who had been to the wake have since died. The husband took cholera on Sunday and died on Monday; his sister died on Tuesday morning. The unfortunate man had two children—one of them died, the other is dying, and his

assistant died on Tuesday. All these last named deaths occurred in consequence of the wake! and the body having been sent back from the Church-yard, and not being allowed to be buried.—Belfast paper.

THE CHOLERA IN FRANCE.

The Cholera still continues its ravages, but its intensity is a little abated. From Monday noon to yesterday, the number of fresh cases is 985, deaths 356. The President of the Council continues to grow better and better.—Paris, April 11.

The number of persons of note attacked continues to augment. Among them is the Prince Castelcicala, the Neapolitan Ambassador, but his attack is represented as not very serious. In the Spanish Ambassador's suite, some persons have been attacked, and are dead. Madame Perier, wife of Scipion Perier, brother to the Prime Minister, died yesterday of cholera, as also M. Bisson, an ancient Prefect. M. Seguen, First President of the Court Royale, and several members of the bar are ill, but it is hoped not seriously. The North West district of Paris continues less infected. The weather is still variable, and the heat of the atmosphere very changeable.

April 13.—The number of new cases of Cholera during the 24 hours ending yesterday noon, 804; deaths, 317. Total cases from the beginning, 7560; deaths, 2913. The convalescence of M. Perier continued, the news of which was spread to the Departments by telegraphic communication. Among the victims of the Cholera are mentioned M. Melville, Peer of France; the Marquis de Croix, also Peer, Gen. Cottosquet; M. Benoit, former Secretary of State; the celebrated Hattien Physician, M. Barrilla; and M. Debruit, President of the Health Commission for the District of Montarguil. The Vice President of the Chamber, M. Segnier, is also dead, the Deputy—M. Pages, General Lamarque, the Duke of Morency, son-in-law of Marshal Soult. The Cholera was also raging in Troyes, Nemours, Begous Reuil, Puteaux, and many villages in the neighbourhood of Paris. The lower classes still attributed it to poisoning, and that the Cholera had no existence.

[Since the preceding sentences were put in type, we have had reason to believe that some of the persons named had only been attacked with the disease; the translator having fallen into an error.]

Statement of Deaths by the Cholera at Paris since the breaking out of the Disease, to April 14, inclusive.

	Deaths in private houses, declared at the Mairies.	In civil establishments and hospitals.	In military establishments.	Total.
Last of Mar.	33	55	10	93
April 1	26	47	6	79
2	48	108	12	168
3	74	131	7	212
4	84	145	13	242
5	121	201	29	351
6	163	226	27	416
7	255	273	54	582
8	419	308	42	769
9	523	291	47	861
10	546	218	54	818
11	442	272	55	769
12	425	255	48	728
13	473	282	60	816
14	454	197	41	692
	4086	3040	505	7631

Virginia races.—In a late match at the Treva Hill course, the following occurrence was noticed. "Just at the instant of starting for the first heat, Mr. Harrison's colt slipped, or stumbled, and very nearly fell headlong. The rider was thrown flat on his back in front of the colt, and for an instant great apprehension was felt for the boy's life. The colt however recovered, cleared the boy (who was not at all hurt) pursued the Contention filly, passed ahead within the first quarter, and keeping the track throughout, came in about two lengths ahead, received by cheers from the by-standers. All regretted that so fine a run should have been in vain, as he was distanced by the rules of the course.

The Hecla, Capt. Perry's flag ship in his Polar expeditions, is now at one of our wharves. The Gazette mentions the following facts respecting this vessel:—"Among her peculiarities, are her decks, three in number, over each of which are confined two tiers of cork, and covered with planks running in an angular direction, making them in thickness nine inches. Her sides, below the wales, are impenetrable, being thirteen feet through. She is copper bottomed, and in her hull are no less than 13 tons of copper bolts. She has no windlass, and the anchor is raised with a patent purchase capstan, the drum head of which passes three times round, to the barrels once; is light rigged and a fast sailer. The Hecla was sold by the British government last year to a company of Aberdeen merchants, and sailed from Dundee for N. York in Dec. last, but having lost her rudder on the Banks of Newfoundland, proceeded to Scilly in Great Britain, for repairs, and sailed thence with a full cargo of bale goods, for this port, where she arrived in 40 days. Her burthen is 402 tons.

Horticultural activity.—A Hartford paper mentions that Mr. Morgan of the U. S. Hotel, had supplied his table on the 6th inst. with Cucumbers, raised at Midletown. We mentioned this to a lady, this week, who was shivering under the then existing temperature, and her remark was, that she hoped they were served up hot!

